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OCTOBER 27, 1978

W. F. Buckley Jr. on The SALT-Sellers —see p. 1366

NATIONAL REVIEW

STOP! Enough is Enough

Kemp-Roth And the Tax Revolt

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Also In This Issue:

Anthony R. Dolan on Jack Kemp's Greenwich Touchdown

Richard Brookhiser on Waiting for the Russians

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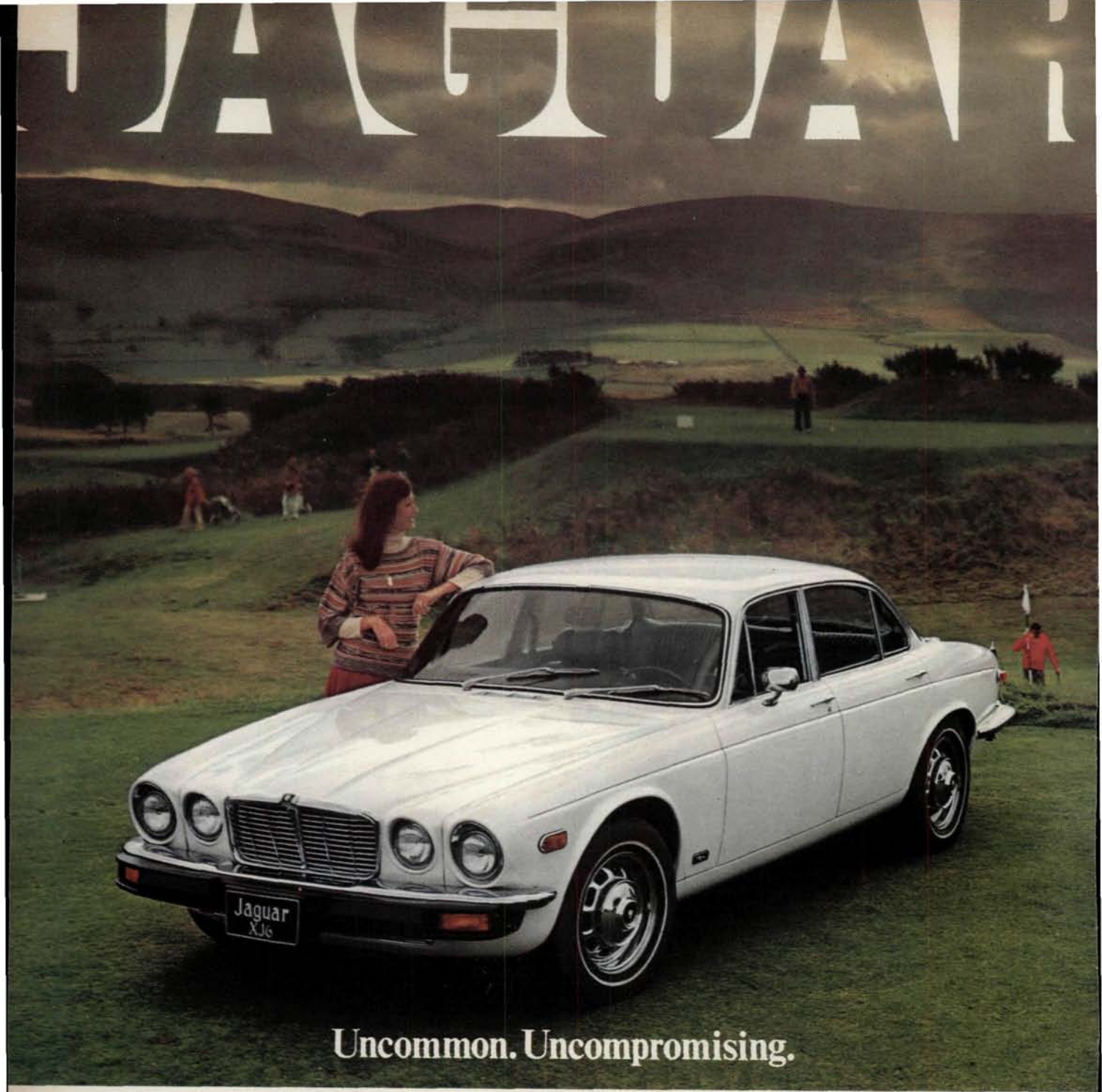

The very look of the XJ6 sedan is a statement of individuality, a bold affirmation of the fact that a machine can be made of steel and yet achieve an uncommonly sleek and sculptural beauty.

The Jaguar sedan in motion expresses another kind of individuality. It moves on fully-independent suspension, with the quickness and precision of power-assisted rack and pinion steering, with the positive authority of power disc brakes on all four wheels. It is moved by an altogether uncommon and justly famous engine: the Jaguar double overhead-cam Six. And now the engine's performance has been enhanced by the extra responsiveness of an advanced electronic fuel-injection system.

Inside this quick and dramatically agile car, there is a world of uncompromising luxury. Rare walnut veneers sheath the dashboard. Rich Connolly hides cover the seats. There is deep carpeting, thermostatically-controlled heat and air conditioning and such an abundance of thoughtful luxuries that the Jaguar offers no factory options whatever.

Even the Jaguar warranty is outstanding: for 12 months, regardless of mileage, your Jaguar dealer will replace or repair any part of the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the car is properly maintained. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and the spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if the plugs or filters are defective, Jaguar will replace them.

Drive the uncommon and uncompromising Jaguar XJ6 soon. For the name of your nearest dealer, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

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HOW TO GET RICH THE LAZY MAN'S WAY

". . . I didn't have a job and I was worse than broke. I owed more than $50,000 and my only assets were my wife and 8 children. We were renting an old house in a decaying neighborhood, driving a 5-year old car that was falling apart, and had maybe a couple of hundred dollars in the bank.

Within one month, after using the principles of the Lazy Man's Way to Riches, things started to change – to put it mildly.

- *We worked out a plan we could afford to pay off our debts – and stopped our creditors from hounding us.*
- *We were driving a brand-new Thunderbird that a car dealer had given to us!*
- *Our bank account had multiplied tenfold!*
- *All within the first 30 days!*

And today . . .

- *I live in a home that's worth over $250,000.*
- *I own my "office". It's about a mile and a half from my home and is right on the beach.*
- *I own a lakefront "cabin" in Washington. (That's where we spend the whole summer – loafing, fishing, swimming and sailing.)*
- *I own two oceanfront condominiums. One is on a sunny beach in Mexico and one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii.*
- *I have two boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.*
- *I have a net worth of over a Million Dollars. But I still don't have a job . . ."*

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less–a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you a most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.–now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary–to prove that sending me the 10 dollars . . . which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied . . . is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $250,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it–cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it–the Lazy Man's Way–a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that–nothing more, nothing less–the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember–I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again–I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

Here are some comments from other people. I'm sure that, like you, they didn't believe me either. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right. *And here's what they gained*:

$260,000 in eleven months

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life . . . One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership . . . I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B. F., Pascagoula, Miss.

Made $16,901.92 first time out

"The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out."

J. J. M., Watertown, N.Y.

'I'm a half-millionaire'

"Thanks to your method, I'm a half-millionaire . . . would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G. C., Toronto, Canada

$7,000 in five days

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M. D., Topeka, Kansas

Can't believe success

"I can't believe how successful I have become . . . Three months ago, I was a telephone order taker for a fastener company in Chicago, Illinois. I was driving a beat-up 1959 Rambler and had about $600 in my savings account. Today, I am the outside salesman for the same fastener company. I'm driving a company car . . . I am sitting in my own office and have about $3,000 in my savings account."

G. M., Des Plaines, Ill.

I know you're skeptical. After all, what I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers and maybe everyone else you know. I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you:

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older – or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley, California 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 591-C
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material – for *any* reason – within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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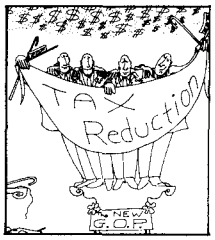

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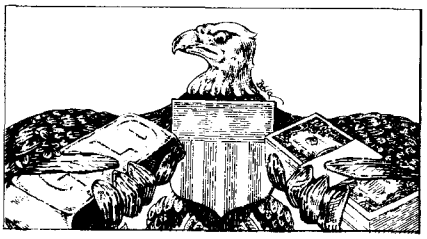

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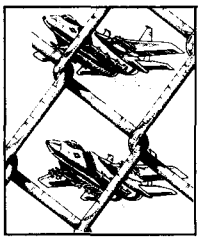

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The Camp David summit produced *two* peace plans—only distantly related.
James Burnham

1333 Revolution of 1978
A few years ago, Congressman Jack Kemp saw a help-wanted ad that led him to a new way of approaching fiscal policy; a circle-squaring method of stimulating growth without either inflating the currency or balancing the budget. By this year the Kemp-Roth bill had picked up 179 co-sponsors in Congress, panicked the Democrats, and given Republicans a dynamic new theme. Though the House knocked it down the first time, the idea has already begun changing economic perceptions—and the shape of the political horizon. *Bruce Bartlett*

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Deregulation has sent airlines' profits soaring into friendly skies.
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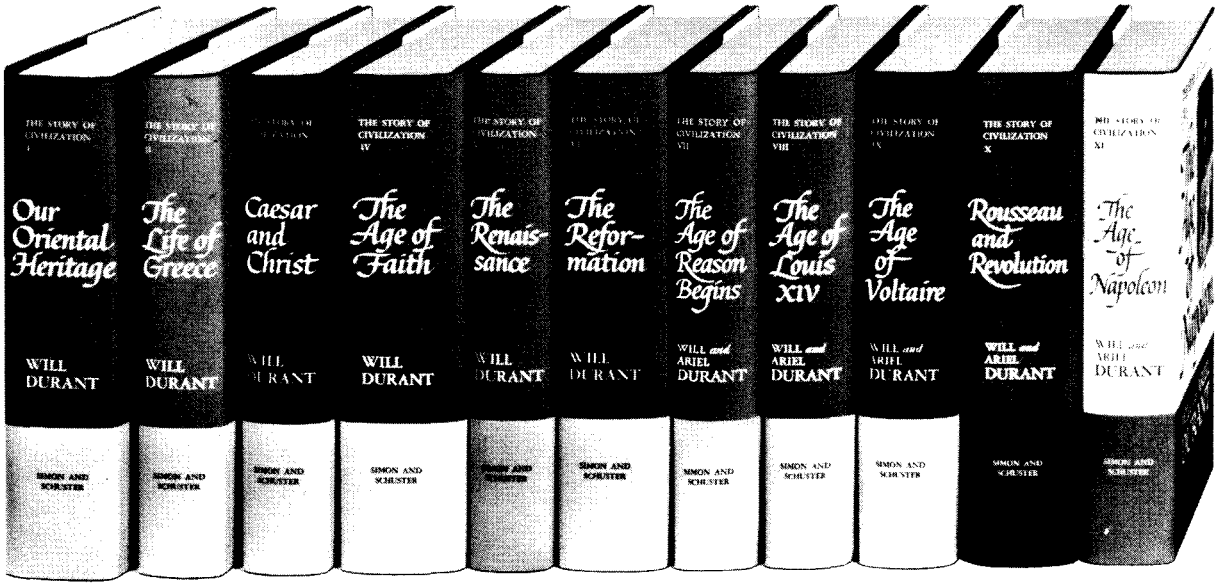

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Letters

Primal Laughs

The Prime Event is an ingenious concept, but Hugh Kenner chose the wrong cartoons as examples ["Exploding Ducks and Other Primal Tales," Oct. 13]. The bike with training wheels is the oldest image in the cartoonist's handbag. A sawed-off tuba is worth a modest titter, no more. The best cartoonists—MacNelly, Oliphant, Mike Peters, and perhaps Auth of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—are best because they are the funniest. They make their moral or political points almost as afterthoughts. The laugh's the thing. They strive as much for ludicrousness as for primality. Their characters are outsize, big-bellied, long-jawed, ridiculously human. As with a good metaphor, the most unrelated concepts are juxtaposed to forge the hilarious image: MacNelly compares the House assassination investigations to a gypsy conjurer.

I remember in 1976, just before the Republican Convention, MacNelly drew Howard Baker in profile, about to address the delegates from behind a podium. Baker had the MacNelly midriff, a hairline back to the ears, and heavy glasses suitable for a Jewish grandfather. He was no more than five feet tall, and his head cleared the podium only because he was standing on a box labeled "Watergate." That image is as witty, and as memorable, as Carter's anti-inflation program primalized as an exploding duck.

Robert Zimmerman
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Woody's Land

As a Woody Guthrie fan, I must take issue with David Brudnoy ["Books in Brief," Sept. 29]. Several years ago I was fortunate to discover *Seeds of Man* in the library. Although somewhat apprehensive about the length, I thought after getting into the "lingo" that it was one of the most rewarding books I had come across. I fail to see Mr. Brudnoy's point about the dialect, which in the quotations from *The Yearling* and *Seeds of Man* seemed equally appropriate to me.

Brudnoy would have us think that Guthrie never wrote anything of importance other than some great songs; but his *Bound for Glory* is recognized as a classic American autobiography, and his published collections of essays and sketches make one anticipate future Guthrie releases. He has been compared to Walt Whitman and Thomas Wolfe in his intoxication with life and with America, and his fecund imagination and imagery can bring to mind Dylan Thomas. Alan Lomax said of Woody Guthrie that "in many ways he was the most truthful and talented man of his generation."

It is a pity that Mr. Brudnoy has seen fit to write such a condescending review.

Rose H. Spinoza
Holmes Beach, Fla.

Beating the Triangles

Richard Brookhiser's piece, "Why You Can't Beat City Hall at Washington, D.C." [Sept. 29], presents a strong argument in favor of a constitutional lid on spending by the Federal Government and similar limits at the state level. In his column on September 26, David S. Broder reports that even George McGovern, in recognition of voter concern, is calling for better financial control of existing social programs before new ones are passed. He calls for Congress to concentrate on "oversight."

But Broder ends with this: "Such a government might well be exactly what most of the voters want. But whether it can satisfy the interest groups that have important influence in the Democratic Party is another—and far tougher—question." A constitutional limit on spending would give us taxpaying squares a chance to beat the triangles once and for all.

Robert N. Sillars Jr.
Darien, Conn.

You can't beat city hall at Washington, D.C., unless you know the rules it plays by. Richard Brookhiser is behind the times, or ahead of them in another sense, in thinking the federal fiscal year ends June 30 ["Why You Can't Beat City Hall, Part II," Oct. 13]. It ends September 30, and has ended on that date since fiscal 1976. The change resulted from passage of the Congressional Budget Act of 1974, intended to enable the Congress to coordinate its various appropriations procedures so as to achieve a resolved total spending target. The Act created the Congressional Budget Office, putatively Capitol Hill's counterpart to the Office of Management and Budget.

Thomas E. Reynolds
Greenbelt, Md.

Denouement?

James Burnham's "Last Act in Rhodesia" [Sept. 29] was a disappointment. Rhodesians expected better of him. I know. I have just arrived from Salisbury. Rhodesia is not down, though the broken promises of the UK and the U.S. have got us into the tightest corner yet. Cour-

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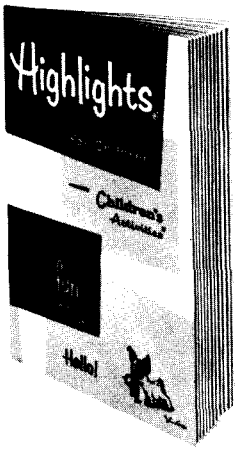
Would you pay $11.95* for a child's gift that won't be outgrown, broken, worn out, lost or forgotten six weeks after Christmas?



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For HIGHLIGHTS is not only different from the usual gift; it is different from other children's magazines as well.

Its intent is not only to delight and entertain, but to challenge and teach. The editors are nationally known experts in child psychology and family life; they firmly believe that growing children find their greatest pleasure in thinking, creating, and surprising themselves and their parents by reaching intellectual heights no one had ever suspected they could.

Eleven times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. It avoids any suggestion of violence or crime in words or pictures. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, coming at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 11-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

It is sent addressed in the child's name, something all the child's own in a world where so much seems to be decided by adults. Where there are several children in the family, a single subscription may be shared in several names.

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age can do wonders. Read Solzhenitsyn.

Our biggest hurdle after sanctions and the Marxist terrorist invasion is the Rhodesian-gloom-and-doom industry in the West. Please, Mr. Burnham, help us to fight for what you believe in and use your great influence to persuade your government to help its friends, not its foes.

A. R. Lewis
Salisbury

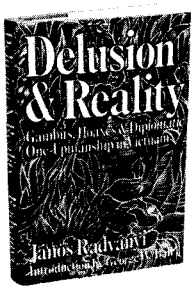
Pathetic President

A note of thanks for Robert Novak's review ["Dump the Lump," Sept. 29], not so much because it exposes 367 pages of what is largely "fluff," but because Novak has used Ron Nessen's uneven insights into the Ford White House to describe what conservatives seem all too reluctant to articulate in public; viz., that President Ford's incumbency bespoke a pathetic lack of understanding of the essence of the Presidency and an unwillingness to make the kinds of hard decisions that were needed for the nation's good. Including, apparently, even the decision to deny pleasures to oneself when more crucial national matters need attention.

If conservatives cannot be open and honest about demonstrated failures on the part of those who form the conservative segment of the American political scene (and even those who illegitimately claim membership), we will not only be no better than most of the liberals, but we will also be powerless to move effectively against those policies and practices which have so hurt our country in the last 25-plus years.

Robert B. Needham
Hanford, Calif.

"A rare and fascinating insider's view of Russian, East European and Chinese roles in the Vietnam War . . . the author sheds considerable new light on Sino-Soviet relations, Soviet foreign policy (and) matters of internal Soviet politics."
—Donald S. Zagoria, *Foreign Affairs*



DELUSION & REALITY:
Gambits, Hoaxes & Diplomatic One-upmanship in Vietnam
Janos Radvanyi
Introduction by George W. Ball

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Making Miracles

We know that Louise Brown's entry into the world is the result of the successful imitation of a natural process ["The Week," Aug. 18]. The considerable powers of the most successful of the modern sciences were engaged in years of work to achieve what is utterly commonplace in nature, i.e., conception. We might therefore point out to the pro-abortionists that their "terminations" of "unwanted tissue" involve the destruction of processes so miraculous that the most sophisticated science is required to imitate them.

Larry Meadows
Toronto, Ont.

Why Communism?

Gerhart Niemeyer's review of *Witness* ["Rewitness," Aug. 4] omitted mentioning Whittaker Chambers' explanation to his son of the reasons men become Communists (pp. 8 and 9), an explanation which seems especially pertinent now, after Solzhenitsyn.

"Indeed, educated men become Communists chiefly for moral reasons. . . . Communism makes some profound appeal to the human mind. Communists are bound together by no secret oath. The tie that binds them across the frontiers of nations, across barriers of language and differences of class and education in defiance of religion, morality, truth, law, honor, the weakness of the body and the irresolutions of the mind, even unto death, is a simple conviction: It is necessary to change the world. Their power . . . is the power to hold convictions and to act on them.

"It is not new. It is, in fact, man's second oldest faith. Its promise was whispered in the first days of the Creation under the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil: 'Ye shall be as gods.' It is the great alternative faith of mankind. Like all great faiths, its force derives from a simple vision. Other ages have had great visions. They have always been different versions of the same vision: the vision of God and man's relationship to God. The Communist vision is the vision of Man without God.

"There has never been a society or a nation without God. But history is cluttered with the wreckage of nations that became indifferent to God, and died."

Joseph P. Higginbotham
Winthrop, Mass.

The Greater Evils

It may be the fact that under the circumstances that have obtained in California in this political season, the property tax could be perceived as more oppressive than certain other taxes ["The Week," Sept. 29]. But, in principle, it is not so great an evil as a graduated income tax coupled with inflation. Watch the smart politicos try to buy off that segment of the electorate known as "homeowners."

Albert Pucci
Putnam, Ill.

Bay State Pols

Your Massachusetts political experts leave much to be desired. For instance, "For the Record" [Oct. 13] states that Governor Michael Dukakis, unlike Representative Donald Fraser of Minnesota, is ready to "forgive and forget" and endorse his conservative victor. As of this writing Dukakis, Speaker Tip O'Neill, and Attorney General Bellotti are trying to pressure Ed King, the Democratic spoiler, to modify his views to be more "progressive" (I love that word). So far King has not budged from his pro-life, anti-busing, pro-Proposition 13 positions.

In the same issue, David Brudnoy ["One Hand Clapping"] states that Howard Phillips tried to use Anita Bryant as a foil to deride candidate Elaine Noble in the Democratic U.S. Senate primary. My opinion, which comes from listening to Phillips, is that Phillips took the pro-life, pro-family, bring-back-morality approach without regard to Miss Noble. Brudnoy has attacked a solid classic conservative who I hope has a long future in my native state.

Roderick P. Murphy
Southbridge, Mass.

Impressed

You note ["The Week," Sept. 1] that 784,862,000 man hours are annually spent by us in filling out federal forms. That number was not impressive to me, so I converted it to another: a city of 980,000 people would work full-time filling out such forms. My assumptions: for every one million people, 420,000 are working. Each worker works a 38-hour week, fifty weeks per year. That 980,000 is about the population of Denver or Miami. *That* number is impressive to me.

William D. Foland
Washington, Pa.

Points

In "Hunting Down the FBI" [May 26], Kevin Lynch and Richard Brookhiser write that the Campaign to Stop Government Spying grew out of a meeting convened in January of last year by the National Lawyers Guild. That is not so. The Campaign grew out of a meeting held on April 24, 1976 at the Church

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Can the Communists arrange to pick the next Pope?

The question would have been crazy 20 years ago. It isn't now, says this former Vatican aide.

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Outside the Conclave, the Kremlin is watching. Will the next Pope be the one they have picked—the one who will come to terms with Communism?

Developments in the Catholic Church—few reported until now

- The Detroit "Call to Action" Conference of Catholic leftists. The roles played by different American bishops—behind the scenes.
- A report of the meeting between Pope Paul and Archbishop Lefebvre—more detailed than any yet published. The one remark by Lefebvre that made the Pope flare up.
- Sophisticated Vatican reactions to charismatics . . . the "Jesus movement". . . the state of religion in America . . . Carter and "human rights". . . America and Europe . . . the present state of Protestantism, Judaism, the Orthodox Church, Islam, the Eastern religions.
- Pope Paul's epochal agreement with wheeler-dealer Michele Sindona. Huge Vatican losses.
- African bishops grumble about the double standard of American bishops.
- Why Pope Paul considered Cardinal Mindszenty a thorn in his side.
- How the New Mass clashes with the decrees of the Second Vatican Council.
- *Octagesima Adveniens*: does Pope Paul disapprove of American democracy?
- How many cardinals disagree with Pope Paul's policies?
- Did American cardinals play a part in the return of St. Stephen's Crown to Communist Hungary?
- The Pope's own choice for his successor. Where his favorite stands on capitalism and socialism.

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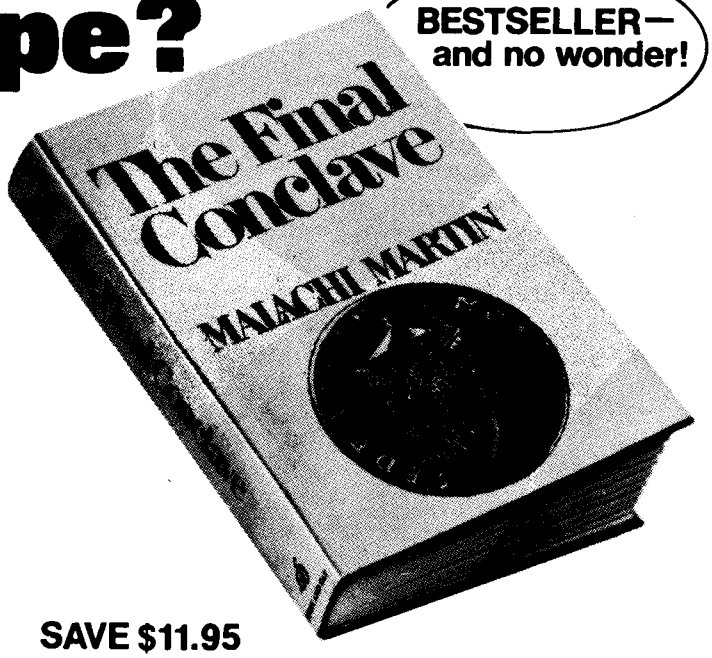

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"Enthralling story of the mortal danger the Church and our civilization are in at this minute . . . tremendous narrative." —Paul H. Hallett, *National Catholic Register*

"It's a book for Jews, Protestants and others, as well as for Catholics. The future of western civilization, after all, everybody's business."—Judson Hand, *New York Daily News*

"Fiery brilliance . . . an impact that breathes a special life into tableaux which in less skilled hands would be barely believable." —*Detroit News*

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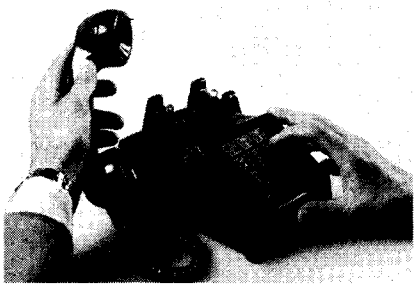

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Center for the United Nations, convened and chaired in turn by Adrian deWind, Lillian Hellman, M. Carl Holman, and myself. The meeting was addressed by Morton Halperin, Charles Morgan Jr., and I. F. Stone. The organizational work that ensued—and led to the creation of the Campaign—was led by Robert Borosage, then executive director of the Center for National Security Studies. The Campaign began operation as a formally constituted body shortly after Labor Day 1976.

Leslie W. Dunbar
Pelham, N.Y.

Your comment that ". . . Representative William Armstrong, a solid conservative, came within an ace of being beaten . . ." by Jack Swigert, former astronaut, in the Colorado primary ["The Week," Sept. 29] is mistaken. Armstrong zoomed to a spectacular 70 per cent win, the highest ever in a Colorado primary. Mr. Swigert, without issue-oriented fuel, never even latched onto the gantry.

B. E. Roberts
Englewood, Colo.

Father Crosby's book on Senator McCarthy and the Catholics ["Books in Brief," Sept. 15] must be a standard-brands bit of liberal fantasy. Cardinal O'Connell, who, according to your review, is portrayed as embracing the Senator despite the Cardinal's high-class background, died more than two years before the Senator took office.

John J. Lynch
Bronx, N.Y.

Chicago Terrorists

James Burnham's report on terrorism ["Terror: Our Turn Soon?" June 9] underscores a fact which we now face in Chicago (especially on the police department, of which I am a member). Since his Inauguration, President Carter has visited Chicago only once. Now, Chicago has great political appeal; this would be especially true for a President in political trouble, as Mr. Carter appears to be. Yet, he has paid only one visit, and that came 18 months into his Administration.

The reason he stays away, I believe, is the city police's inability to monitor the activities of subversive and terrorist groups which pose a physical threat to the safety of the President. In fact, the U.S. Secret Service warned the White House in 1977 that certain cities in the U.S. were "unsafe" for the President to visit. Events seem to indicate that Chicago was (and is) one of those cities.

This was confirmed by Police Superintendent James E. O'Grady, who testified before a House committee that lawsuits against Chicago, filed in 1974 by the Alliance to End Repression, have resulted

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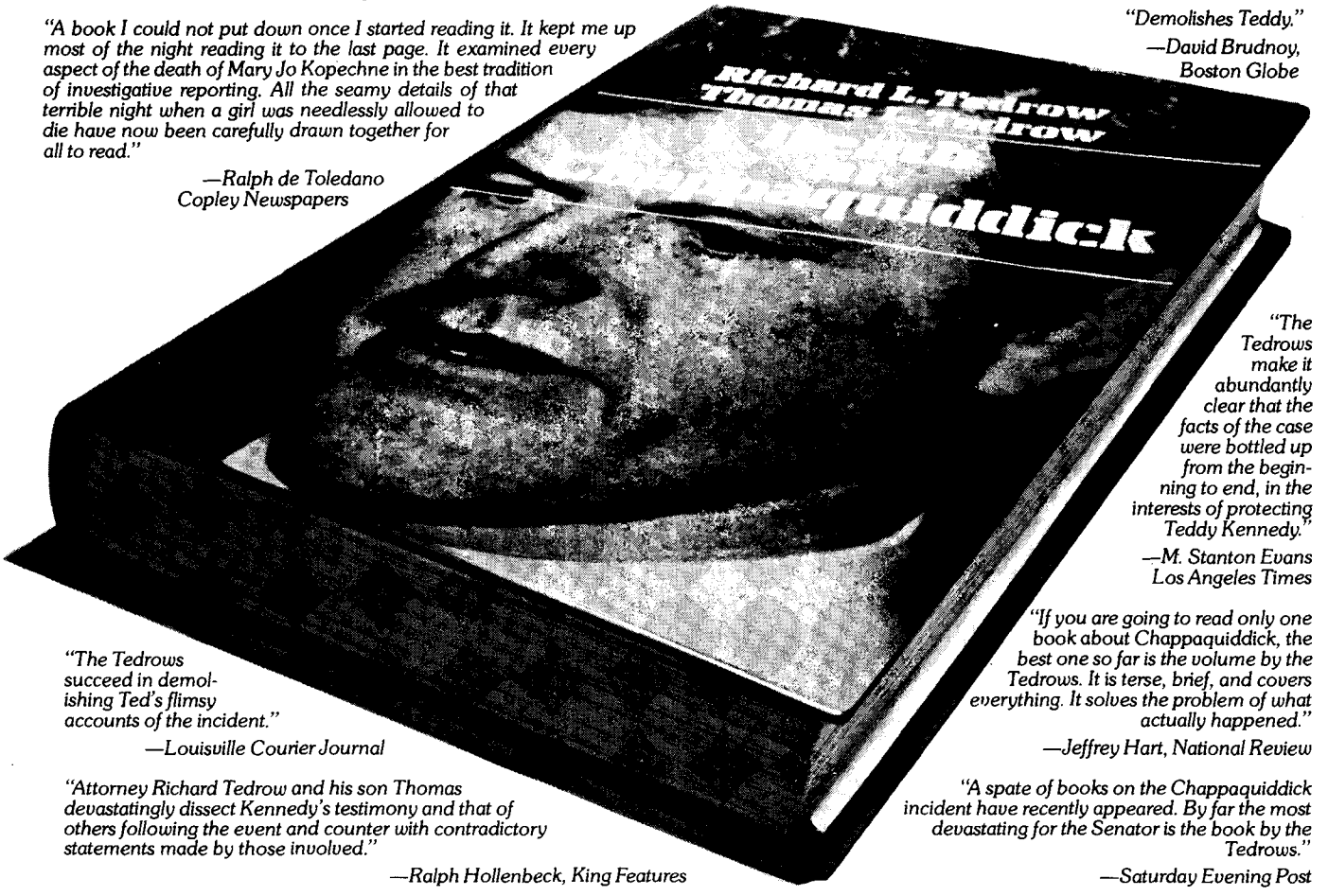
—Ralph de Toledano
Copley Newspapers

"Demolishes Teddy."

—David Brudnoy,
Boston Globe



"The Tedrows make it abundantly clear that the facts of the case were bottled up from the beginning to end, in the interests of protecting Teddy Kennedy."

—M. Stanton Evans
Los Angeles Times

"The Tedrows succeed in demolishing Ted's flimsy accounts of the incident."

—Louisville Courier Journal

"If you are going to read only one book about Chappaquiddick, the best one so far is the volume by the Tedrows. It is terse, brief, and covers everything. It solves the problem of what actually happened."

—Jeffrey Hart, National Review

"Attorney Richard Tedrow and his son Thomas devastatingly dissect Kennedy's testimony and that of others following the event and counter with contradictory statements made by those involved."

—Ralph Hollenbeck, King Features

"A spate of books on the Chappaquiddick incident have recently appeared. By far the most devastating for the Senator is the book by the Tedrows."

—Saturday Evening Post

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in public disclosure of sensitive intelligence files, and in a drop in the number and the efficiency of undercover police intelligence operatives. Superintendent O'Grady said that "police spying" was becoming a "battle cry" of the "anti-law-enforcement forces of the 1970s," and that it was becoming more a faddish political issue than a legitimate redress against inappropriate government surveillance activities.

James Burnham's report on terrorism states that ". . . for the past five years the U.S. has been stripping away its organizational, legal, and ideological defenses against terrorism." When a President cannot visit a city which is dominated by prominent figures of his own political party because the Secret Service fears for his safety, then the "stripping-away" process has gone too far.

David Milligan
Chicago, Ill.

Dog Days

I would say current events have had the last laugh on Keith Mano. In his column on patents ["Inventors' Expo '78," Aug. 18] he makes sport of "The Dog-john: long butterfly-net-like contraption, throw-away bag on its end, with which one trolls for dog excreta at point of manufacture." I suspect that a large number of my fellow New York dog owners would be very happy right now to buy just such a contraption.

Ted Wonham
New York, N.Y.

Sex and Poetry

There is an interesting sidebar to the account of the college porno workshops of Robert Francoeur given in George Gilder's article ["The Multifarious Perplexities . . ." Sept. 15] on current sociology. At the same university (Fairleigh Dickinson in Madison, New Jersey) where the sex "laboratories" have been experimenting, a reading by the Russian poet Voznysensky was scheduled, at about the time Francoeur's course activity was first widely publicized. I had planned to attend the poetry reading, but I was so repelled by a description of the Francoeur course that I lost interest in going to anything on that particular campus. As a result I missed out on a rare and remarkable poetical event.

I had to ask myself whether sociology, or what passed for it, could kill even the language of the spirit in a relatively free country. Up to this point, poetry, if not thriving in America, was at least tolerated and left alone (to fall on its own secular face too often). The curious thing is that Russia not only tolerates much very good poetry but allows the general public to treat poets as folk idols; poetry readings draw huge crowds. Culture, in the form of poetry, is alive there; this, along with a thriving literary underground, is what Solzhenitsyn, as a friend, is holding up to America.

Mrs. Jean Paashaus
Summit, N.J.

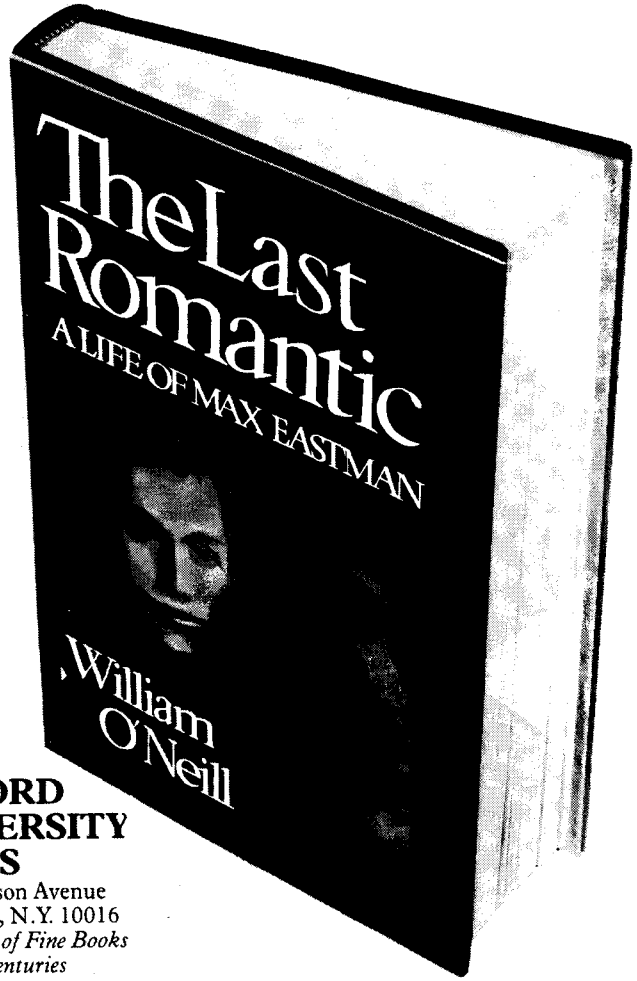
Pastoral Disarray

My impression of the Catholic Church, in this year 1978, is different from Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's ["Indelible Pope," Sept. 29]. It is based on some small contact with Jociste priests in France, with the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies in Toronto, and churches here in Queens, in Florida, and in France again. It seems to me that most laymen are somewhat lost; that churches vary considerably, both as to conservatism and as to the kind of service they have; that there is a great emphasis on community life, at the expense of a deeply felt personal spiritual life. And finally, the main problems that existed for my generation have never been *solved*—they have merely been avoided. But then *avoiding* problems has always been the forte of liberals and radicals.

Jerome Minot
East Elmhurst, N.Y.

American adventurer.

A master of the art of living, Max Eastman had many careers: defender of the Russian Revolution, leader of the anti-Stalinist left in the 1930s, conservative polemicist in the 1950s, poet, paramour, memoirist. William O'Neill's biography seeks to explain the dynamic behind Eastman's several transformations and to define his place in a turbulent chapter in the history of ideas. "A full and fascinating assessment."
—*Publishers Weekly* Illus., $14.95



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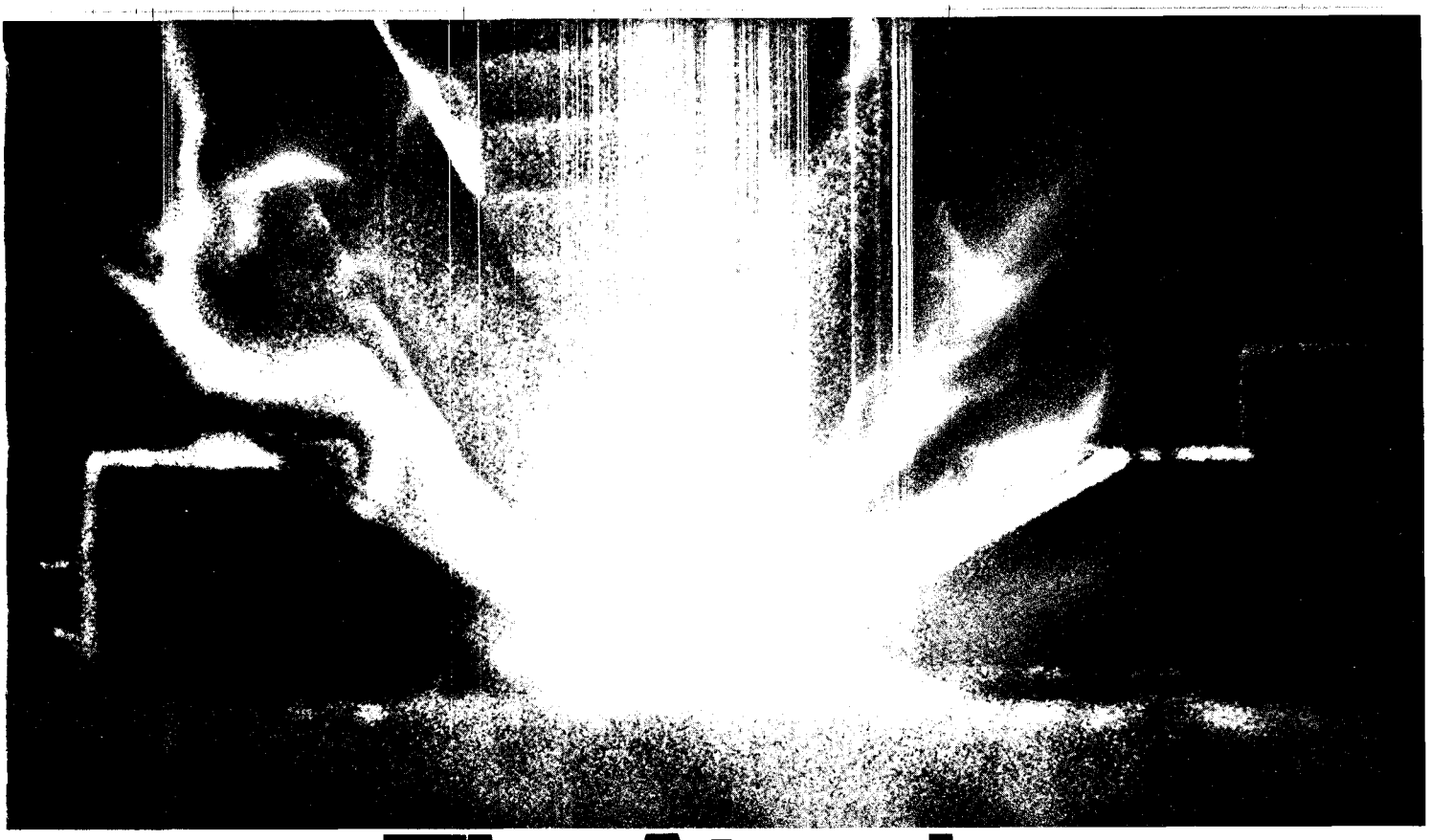

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Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Kemp-Roth** lives. Although the Senate has rejected the original, proposed by Rep. Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) and Sen. William Roth (R., Del.), the bipartisan version of Kemp's brainchild easily won Senate approval, 64 to 20, thanks to Senators **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.) and **Lawton Chiles** (D., Fla.). It is included in the Senate's $29.3-billion tax-cut bill. . . . The new Kemp-Roth, though not as attractive as the original, cuts taxes a total of $142 billion by 1983—as long as the government abides by certain spending ceilings. Next question is whether the new Kemp-Roth will survive a House-Senate conference committee where the Senate's $29.3-billion tax cut must be reconciled with the $16.3-billion cut approved by the House. Major worry of Kemp-Roth supporters is that Sen. **Russell Long** (D., La.), who will head the Senate conferees, is not a booster. . . . Jews for Jimmy: Almost all's forgiven, says **Edward Sanders, Carter**'s liaison with the Jewish community. Sanders says the Camp David Summit has resulted in an "almost complete turnabout" in the attitude of Jews toward Carter. Sanders' predecessor, **Mark Siegel**, resigned earlier this year in protest over the Saudi Arabian plane deal. . . . Carter's getting the knack. Morning of the vote to override his public-works veto, he invited thirty Republicans over for breakfast. After the vote, which Carter won easily, Majority Leader **Jim Wright** (D., Texas) paid Carter the ultimate compliment, saying that Carter made "**Lyndon Johnson** look like a Sunday school teacher." In voting to sustain the veto, 62 Republicans, including GOP whip **Bob Michel**, ignored the pleadings of Minority Leader **John Rhodes**.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rotheo

"It's a plot . . . billions in debt to take your mind off pollution, high prices to take your mind off debts, energy cost hikes to take your mind off beef prices . . ."

■ Secretary of State **Vance** is off to Moscow later this month for more SALT talks, and the State Department is so confident the U.S. and USSR will be able to resolve the remaining difficulties that it is already preparing for a Carter-**Brezhnev** signing on December 15 in Washington. There is speculation that Carter plans to cap his SALT triumph by having Brezhnev address a joint session of Congress. If Brezhnev does, sources in Washington say that at least a dozen conservative congressmen plan to walk out during the speech.

■ With less than a month to go before the election, *Washington Post*'s **David Broder** says GOP hopes are "falling like autumn leaves." According to a *Post* survey, when all the votes are counted on November 7 the likelihood is for a near standoff in the congressional races and fewer GOP gains in the key state races than earlier predicted. . . . In Mississippi race for Senate seat being vacated by **James Eastland**, Republican **Thad Cochran** is given the edge over **Maurice Dantin**, Eastland's hand-picked successor, and independent **Charles Evers.** Last time Mississippi sent a Republican to the Senate was 1875. . . . Despite frantic appeals from **Tip O'Neill**, liberal Democrats in Massachusetts are refusing to get on the bandwagon for **Edward J. King**, conservative victor last month in the Democratic primary over incumbent Gov. nor **Michael Dukakis**. King—anti-abortion, anti-busing, and pro-capital-punishment—has so far rejected all appeals from O'Neill, whose son is King's running-mate, to modify his stands. Says King of his meeting with O'Neill: "We've had a unity breakfast and a unity brunch. Maybe lunch is next." . . . In New Jersey's 15th Congressional, *NR* contributor **Charles Wiley** has picked up, indirectly, the support of the *New Jersey Monthly*, which has labeled Wiley's opponent, Rep. **Edward Patten**, "the worst congressman in the state."

■ While the women's movement won passage of the ERA extension, it lost one in the Woonsocket, Rhode Island city council, which has dropped a proposal to re-name the city's manholes "personholes." "We are sick and tired of the adverse publicity we were getting," said City Council President **Gaston Ayotte Jr.** "All over the United States people were laughing at Woonsocket personholes."

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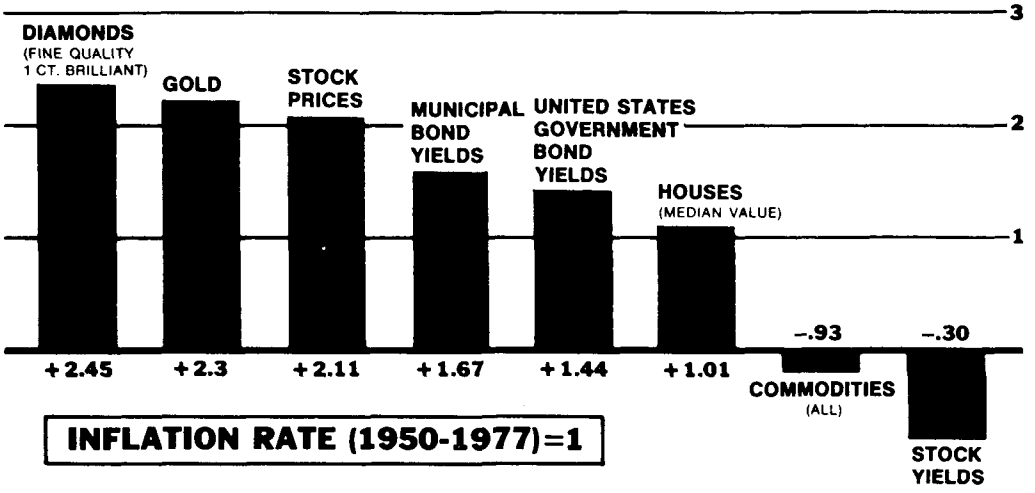

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This chart was prepared by Dr. Michael Leyzorek; a former Rutgers Professor and consultant to the Central Selling Organization of DeBeers Consolidated Mines Ltd. (the worldwide monopoly that controls over 85% of all diamond supply. Due to their cartel nature, DeBeers is prohibited by law from doing business under their name in this country. In the U.S., Dr. Leyzorek is a consultant to only one diamond investment company—The Diamond Guild of America Ltd.)

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*U.S. News & World Report, July 12, 1976

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THE WEEK

■ EDGAR BERGEN, R I P: Wanted: Straight man with warm lap, by professional comedian, age 50, ligneous, disconsolate. —C. McC.

■ What ever happened to the congressional crowd of '74? You know, the good old gang that ran Nixon out of Washington? Only marginal attrition, it would seem. True, Wayne Hays is gone, ignominiously. Carl Albert got out while the getting was good. Koreagate claimed a few casualties, though Tip O'Neill is hanging in there, and even Ed Patten was exonerated by the House Ethics Committee after swearing up and down that he didn't speak a word of Korean. Now Charles Diggs has been convicted on 29 counts of high crimes and hanky-panky; but he plans to run again. And the House has kept intact its historic record of never having expelled a single member for corruption.

■ If only Jeff Bell had played basketball. He would have accumulated the same name recognition and star quality which emboss his New Jersey Senate opponent, Bill Bradley. On the stump and on the issues, Bell is leaving Bradley fumbling with stale liberal clichés. In their series of campaign debates, the verdict of the local press is that Bradley has a slow wit and a Nixonian case of five o'clock shadow. From the *Bergen Record*, New Jersey's second largest newspaper: "Bell held his own with a group [the Jersey City NAACP] that Bradley should have won easily." From the *Camden Courier-Post*, the third largest daily: "Jeffrey Bell . . . walked into what was considered to be a Democratic lion's den [Cherry Hill Jewish Community Center] on Sunday, and walked out two hours later amid enthusiastic applause." Even the far-left *Village Voice*, whose headline labeled Bell a "New Right" candidate, admitted: ". . . where Bell may win—and where Bradley makes such a limp impression—is in the realm of energetically expressed ideas." All Bell needs is more media time to convince the voters.

■ The Census Bureau has computed the poverty problem and has announced that in the year 1976 there were 25 million Americans who were officially classified as poor. At the same time the Census Bureau has reported that the total expenditure for social welfare in 1976 was $453 billion. That's almost $20,000 a year for each poor man-person, woman-person, and child-person in the United States. A pity that we pay all that dough for the poor and the poor never get it.

■ "National Plebiscite" is the new witch-phrase. The conservative family is warring around the hearth, as usual, the Bourbons resisting the voice of the masses, the libertarians welcoming the inevitable uprising. What to say, what to do? Glad you asked. 1) The U.S. Constitution, and the constitutions of the fifty states, all agree that "the people" have the power to "alter" their government when it ceases to represent their "deliberate sense." (The gloss is ours.) 2) Conservatives in the old sense would prefer to use the old forms of governance. 3) The old forms aren't working any more, as we can plainly see when a majority of the people say to the opinion surveyors that the government they're paying for is not the government they desire. 4) In such a time, the choice lies between bloody revolution and the more civil procedure of the national vote. It's time for the liberal elitists to come out flatfooted and admit that they don't want the people to take charge of their own polity.

■ The Clamshell Alliance—*gosh*, that sounds organic—is busy, busy. At a Seabrook, New Hampshire nuclear plant construction site, 28 protestors were arrested for scaling a barbed-wire fence erected to keep children and other living things out. Demonstrators at a Marble Hill, Indiana site were also arrested for similar acts of trespass, and still others in Inola, Oklahoma were merely given written citations, since there were more of them than beds in the local hoosegow. As fuel prices soar, popular opinion has begun to solidify in favor of nuclear energy. Scientific opinion in the matter supports the majority. The protestors have failed, now, in the courts. The final recourse of autocratic environmentalists seems to be vigilantism.

■ Attn.: Spiro Agnew, Edith Efron, Evelyn Waugh—*Playboy* interviews Geraldo Rivera, newsman for ABC: "*Rivera*: I am very appreciative of the power of the media. The media definitely influence events, even if people don't admit it. . . . Let me give you an example.

Those Vietnamese Refugees

Some take to boats, while others
  Take chances on the highways;
In either case, officials
  Observe them from the skyways.
It's odd that, as they flee from
  This opposite-of-Eden,
No invitation's offered
  From bleeding hearts in Sweden.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Picture this. It's election night, about midnight, Eastern Standard time. Live from Chicago, the heartland of America, beams the handsome television countenance of Congressman Philip Crane, re-elected to the House by a 75 per cent majority. "Impressive," confirms Walter Cronkite.

As Crane grins his thanks, a second picture forms just to his left, fed by live remote from Danville, Illinois. It is the somewhat less handsome visage of Daniel Crane, just elected by voters of the rural 22nd District to represent them in Congress. "Congwatulations to you both," says Barbara Walters.

Finally, as the two Cranes exchange greetings, a third image forms on the screen. Live from Indianapolis, it's the smiling, almost handsome mug of brand-new Congressman David Crane. "Quite a story," agrees John Chancellor.

The congressional triple. Not the Burtons, not the Rockefellers, not even the Kennedys—nobody has ever pulled a triple. But if they can keep smiling for the next three weeks, the Cranes just might pull it off. (Although David appears to be in an uphill race.) And if they do, gamesmen, refigure the odds on the Crane-for-President campaign.

That campaign, it now appears, has been in quiet development for almost two years. When Phil Crane went public on August 2, his announcement of candidacy received cursory, but for the most part polite, notices from the gentlemen of the press. Cursory because Crane, as a junior member of Illinois' Republican establishment, was perceived to be a one-day story. Polite because, once burned on Jimmy-from-nowhere, media folk are now officially Open Minded. It seems safe to predict that once the media examination becomes more than cursory the notices will turn less than polite. For Phil Crane is a no-foolin' conservative with a serious campaign plan.

The principal architect of the Crane movement is Richard (Rich) Williamson, a thirty-year-old Washington attorney. A man of measured phrase and sober mien, he is no Hamilton Jordan. But a lengthy conversation confirms that Williamson and his employer are every bit as determined as Jordan and the former governor of Georgia.

The public campaign began in December 1976, when Crane opened personal channels to all GOP convention delegates and alternates. His first letter bemoaned the loss of Jerry Ford and enclosed a copy of Crane's most recent book, *The Sum of Good Government*, which shows the young congressman to good advantage as a thoughtful, maturing politician. By the following February, Judy Petty, Reagan's sparkplug in Arkansas, was sharing her enthusiasm for Crane with delegate-friends around the country. A few months later, George Roche of Hillsdale College, another well-known Reagan admirer, was adding his academic perspective. To cement relations with all his new friends, Phil Crane was living on an airplane. His schedule this year reveals that he has been home in Washington exactly one weekend.

After election day, Williamson will surface some prominent Crane supporters—congressmen, senators, businessmen—some of them "surprising." The Washington townhouse headquarters will be sharply expanded to include recognized campaign pros. And the organizations in all fifty states will be announced. Unlike Reagan in 1976, Crane will not pick his spots. He will enter all 36 primaries and work all 14 conventions. The received wisdom of the Crane campaign is that Reagan's decision to back off from delegate fights in Ohio and New Jersey cost him the 1976 nomination. The sweetest part of the campaign, they anticipate, will be the Illinois primary, where Crane will be facing what appears to be overpowering competition from intrastate rivals (Governor James Thompson or Senator Charles Percy or Representative John Anderson) and native Illinoisan Ronald Reagan. Williamson says flatly that Crane will take a majority of the Illinois delegation.

Where will the Crane votes come from? Williamson limns the constituent elements this way: First, Crane has a solid grip on the Old Right, ACU-type activists. He's paid his dues. Second, through a network of campaign alliances, he is the all-but-official candidate of the New Right, single-issue groups. Third, he has earned the respect of traditional, Fordian Republicans. Finally, he senses real progress in building a blue-collar, social-conservative constituency.

What about the competition? Clearly, Reagan is perceived as the front-runner. While Crane's people are loath to itemize the case against Reagan, they are not visibly upset when others do. And, because Reagan has been stuck with the front-runner albatross, others will. Ultimately, Reagan may be Muskieized to the point where a 35 per cent showing in New Hampshire would become a media "setback." And if Reagan does slip? The toughest competition, they figure, will come from George Bush. And in the final Bush-Crane showdown? Why, Crane wins going away.

A plausible story? Put it this way: it's more plausible than the stories of 1964, 1968, 1972, and 1976. —CATO

In my coverage of Panama, I reported every point of view, and toward the end, I was clearly in favor of the treaty. I felt that, regardless of my personal or political feelings, or of the identity I felt with the students or the Panamanian Left or with the whole sense of Panamanian nationalism versus U.S. imperialism, the treaty was the best possible compromise . . . The vote was so close at that point it could have gone either way, and I knew that if I continually focused on the radicals and on the suppression by Torrijos of the political activists within his own country, then I might be in part responsible for the Senate's rejection of the treaty . . . The day the treaty was signed in Washington, the Panamanian National Guard came down on the students and started belting them with rubber hoses. That was also the day that I got arrested. . . . But we downplayed the whole incident. That was the day I decided that I had to be very careful about what I said, because I could defeat the very thing I wanted to achieve. Later, I had dinner with some people from the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, and we all felt the same way. . . . That kind of influence is certainly open for abuse. I don't

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think I have abused it, though. I think I am responsible." Some would call that kind of power, quite literally, irresponsible: i.e., responsible to no one and no external standard.

■ With all the signs pointing toward signature of a SALT II treaty before the end of the year, our chief negotiator, Paul Warnke, announced his resignation. It will take effect after a final visit to Moscow to button up SALT details. Warnke, the man who believes the "arms race" is nothing more than mirror reactions of each side to what the other side does, received the approval of less than a two-thirds majority of the Senate last year, and some say he is getting out of the way to ease the ratification problem. In other words, take my treaty and I'll go away. It may work, but many senators are going to want demonstration, not only of the reciprocity of the terms but of whether enforcement will depend on trust or real verification. Both issues will present the Administration with trouble.

■ Calling all who oppose Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty as relics of the bad old "Cold War." Did you know that the CIA was behind the kidnap-murder of Aldo Moro in Italy? If not, it's because you weren't listening to Moscow Radio's International Service on April 2, 1978. Did you know that Zairean President Mobuto is engaged in a conspiracy with the U.S., France, and West Germany to produce nuclear cruise missiles in Zaire? If not, you haven't been picking up TASS. These are just two of the more bizarre examples of the psychological warfare waged around the world by the USSR, targeted more at the Third World than the U.S. These instances are part of a revealing report on Soviet Propaganda Operations prepared by the CIA for the House Select Committee on Intelligence. On April 7, President Carter announced deferral of neutron bomb production and said our ultimate decision would be "influenced by the degree to which the Soviet Union shows restraint in its conventional nuclear arms programs." No Soviet restraint has subsequently been announced, but from July 4 to August 21 Soviet broadcast items condemning the neutron bomb as "one more dreadful American implement of war" first rose and then fell sharply. The report can be obtained from the American Conservative Union Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Cost: $1.50 plus 50 cents postage, and worth it.

■ THE TEDDY WATCH: Senator Edward Kennedy, offering his congratulations on the passage of the ERA extension bill, told the annual convention of the National Organization for Women that the Amendment will prevail "because this country cannot preach human rights abroad while over half of our own population are [sic] still denied equal rights." Right on, senator. We'll shut up about the Gulag until day-care centers and free abortion spread from sea to shining sea.

■ The San Diego midair collision has given rise to the usual journalism of disaster, making one wonder why an accident in the air seems so shocking and actionable, even today, 75 years after the Wrights lofted their flimsiness at Kitty Hawk. Aviation is just about the safest mode of transport. Next to the techniques of mass production in agriculture, the spacious jet airliner may be America's proudest invention. But who ever sold a newspaper by reporting the on-time arrival of Flight 32?

■ The first public display of the Shroud of Turin in 45 years has now come to an end at the Cathedral in Turin. Some 250 scientists are on hand there for extensive tests of the garment. This will represent the most concerted effort to date to investigate the Shroud and if possible determine its authenticity by scientific means. An exciting intellectual and cultural convergence, in which empirical science may be approaching the metaphysical borders of empiricism.

■ The House Appropriations Committee has discovered that low-level personnel are ripping off at least $155 million a year in such items as jackets and sunglasses. Wait 'til they check out the upper echelons.

■ One discovery: an Army hospital with 95 doctors was issued 1,310 stethoscopes during a one-year period.

■ Is there any refuge? The government of Ireland has banned advertising for beer, wine, and stronger stuff.

■ His Wonders to Perform, Department: The Indianapolis Baptist Temple plans to lure worshippers with a 2,000-foot-long banana split.

■ This here is a note on the national economy, which turned scarlet in New Hampshire a couple of weeks ago and has been gloriously all-be-painted ever since. The dollar and the maple leaves are falling and will rise again, one is quite sure. The air is all lilting with the smell of hope and death. Things will go on. Snow. The terrible paralysis. The hair-raising love in April and May. Next year, then, with the dollar and the interest rate and the trade deficit. Is it a date?

ERA: Early Afterthoughts

Mr. Grover Rees's article [*NR*, Aug. 14] dealt definitively with the argument that a state cannot rescind its ratification of a proposed constitutional amendment. One further point, suggested by columnist George Will and now developed by Francis Canavan in *The Human Life Review*, needs special emphasis.

Nobody knows what ERA will do. Some of its supporters insist (and some of its opponents fear) that it will produce revolutionary changes in American society.

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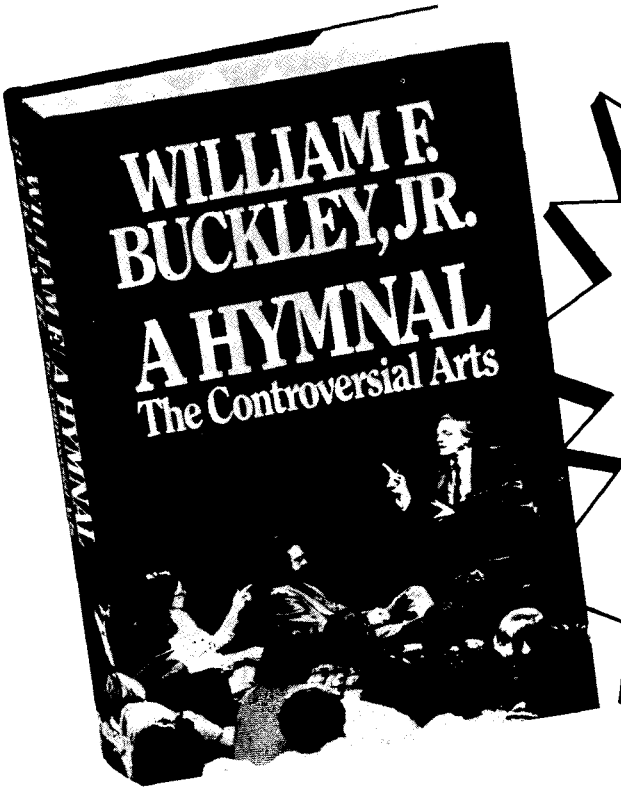

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Here it is, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s new book, bound to be a conservative bestseller. Not often does a book as special as this one come along (in fact, it's been three years since the last one) but "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts" is well worth the waiting. It's a book you'll dip into again and again, an intriguing collection of some of Buckley's best writings, a goodly portion of which have not hitherto been generally available.

They are now all collected in "Hymnal," which contains so much good stuff, so many articles that are sheer pleasure to read, it's hard to know where to begin. You'll certainly want to know all about—

- **God and Man at Yale: Twenty-five Years Later**
- **Experiencing Andy Young**
- **Inflation: Senator Kennedy's Funny Money**
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—and much, much more (well over a hundred other articles and essays), for this is a *big* book, almost 500 pages, and as a result sells for a substantial $12.95. So, to make it easier for you (our readers) to get your own copy of this hardcover, first edition, we've put together a *very* special offer based on a low-cost 18 issue (9 months) subscription, either new or renewal.

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Other supporters reassure us (and other opponents scoff) that it will make no real difference. It is bad enough that the results are unpredictable. But the deeper objection is that ERA is designed that way. It poses a threat to the structure of traditional American government.

ERA is the first amendment to be designed for judicial review. It is an instrument of power for the federal courts, which will receive carte blanche to apply it in the vacuum of specific meaning. It will be less a guide for future legislation than an excuse for hauling a vast body of existing laws out for endless legal altercation. Interpretive misprision has made the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment just such a weapon against the legislative branch—and, by implication, against representative government. ERA is modeled on that clause—as interpreted, not as intended, with misprision, so to speak, built in.

Judicial review is a valid and important feature of our constitutional system. But striking down duly passed laws should be an exceptional, not a routine, function of the courts. The litigious spirit of many ERA advocates, which would shift so much of the power and burden of governing from explicit law to judicial discretion, is deeply hostile to self-government. It would repudiate, or at least expose to sudden cancellation, myriad measures that have long been supported and accepted by the people and their elected lawmakers. Such an attitude—whether doctrinaire, nihilistic, or simply frivolous—should play no part in the formation of the basic charter of our government, which should be based on a deep and settled consensus. The current aggressiveness of the judiciary calls in question the prudence of any fundamental changes, given the liberties it has taken with the existing Constitution. For citizens to be free, government must be, at the very least, intelligible. This condition has eroded enough. ERA, by throwing laws up in the air, promises an increase in lawless government.

And after Carter?

It is hard to remember, but nonetheless significant, that Jimmy Carter got his current job in part because he radiated a competence that seemed to distinguish him from his bumbling opponent. Carter in fact ran a very polished and professional campaign, and it is only since he assumed the nation's highest office that anyone has even thought to associate him with ineptitude. That he is still, in spite of Camp David, universally joked about may say more about the office than about him personally. The last four Presidents have had something of the same problem. The country may be hard enough to govern, but government itself is harder. We were informed that the Presidency was imperial at the very moment when the Congress, the judiciary, and the bureaucracies were becoming more self-assertive than ever before. Add to all these the mass media, and one begins to understand why it is hard for a modern President to be even a plausibly dignified figurehead. A plunge in the polls is merely the latest presidential tradition, though Carter may have been overdoing it.

The Right now has a splendid opportunity, but caution is in order. Human sentiment is naturally conservative, and so is the country's current mood. But the same country has been willing to accept liberal leadership; and liberalism's failures should instruct us.

In 1964 it was Barry Goldwater, not Lyndon Johnson, who wanted to change the nation's course. Johnson was the beneficiary of conservative, if not exactly right-wing, feeling. In the passage of legislation and the construction of bureaucratic structures he was the best friend omnipotent liberalism has had since Franklin Roosevelt.

But liberals never really liked Lyndon Johnson, let alone felt grateful to him; and with the pressure of Vietnam, they split the political coalition he had forged. Trying to go it alone in electoral politics, flirting with styles of populism from Gene McCarthy to George McGovern, they flopped. And their subsequent strategy has been to opt out of democratic politics by tightening their grip on the least responsive mechanisms of government, the courts and bureaucracies, while enlarging the powers thereof. They will now be extremely difficult to remove from power, and they are frankly contemptuous of popular mandates. The ERA, for example, is essentially an attempt to remove some controversial liberal policies from political control, as witness the shameless procedural maneuvering of its supporters, which affronts the notion that provisions of the Constitution should be supported by broad and deep consensus. The hysterical liberal reaction to California's Proposition 13 is another sign of panic at the prospect of any popular day of judgment.

The popular sentiment now is that the public sector is too much with us. Massive opposition to the ERA, gay rights, and abortion are signs of resentment not only against "big" government, but against the application of civic standards of freedom and equality to areas of life

Coals to Newcastle

As South Africa needs gold mines,
  As the Saudis need more oil,
As Miami needs hotel space,
  As Alcoa needs more foil,
As Italians need more pasta,
  As Grand Canyon needs a view,
So Calcutta has a need for
  Test-tube baby Number Two.

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where they don't belong. Government-sponsored affirmative action perverts the common understanding of racial fairness by extending it to preposterous extremes. Private institutions—business, educational, even religious and familial—are feeling the pressure of government arrogance.

The real issue goes very deep, and it is a conservative strength. The Right has the chance to supply a new kind of leadership that may in time uproot liberalism from its vital strongholds. But it would be rash, at this point, to feature the controversial and (in political terms) sectarian concerns of the Right at the expense of the central issues—the so-called "social" ones—on which a viable consensus must be based. Once that consensus takes shape and assumes power, all kinds of reforms are possible. But unless the Right wants to make the liberal error of prematurely shattering its popular base, it must stick to articulating broad (not empty) principles for the time being. These have to do with the liberty of private institutions—family, religion, schools, personal income.

Jimmy Carter's political problem is that he has no principles—not because he is a cynic, but because, like Mr. Doolittle in *Pygmalion*, he can't afford 'em. Or rather, he may have too many of them. Either way, he is in an almost hopeless tangle. The Right has excellent principles, and it should not resort to demagogy to gain power. But it must build on areas of general agreement that are now crystallizing.

The real political issue of the moment may be put very simply: Are the average citizen, his family, and the nation as a whole freer, more prosperous, or more secure than they were before the Democrats took effective control of the whole country in 1964?

Oops, Senator Brooke

The *Boston Globe* has uncovered a new episode in the tale of Senator Edward Brooke's financial misadventures, and accuser and victim have not been so well-matched since Titus Oates tangled with James II. The watchful *Globe* reports that Brooke's records show $38,000 in undeclared loans from a Canadian insurance executive. This follows earlier revelations that Brooke got $49,000 in undeclared loans from a Boston liquor dealer, and that his mother-in-law got $72,000 in allegedly fraudulent payments from Medicaid. He called the $49,000 slip a "misstatement"; he now calls the records of the latest discrepancy "mistakes."

If this keeps up, the Senator will soon run out of euphemisms beginning with "m." Meanwhile, one wonders at the timing of the *Globe*. Brooke made his original statement of financial disclosure to the Senate in May. The first *Globe* stories appeared in June. Now it is October. What happened between June and October? Well, there was a Republican primary September 19. What was the *Globe* doing then? Not all that much on the Brooke front; though on July 25, they did run a six-year-old mail-fraud charge against Brooke's conservative challenger, Avi Nelson (the Boston Postmaster denied the story on the 26th, but that was in the *Herald*). Perhaps Brooke benefited by the strange moratorium on his finances, for Nelson lost. In any case, we're back to business as usual, Brooke now running against a liberal Democrat, poor Ed, poor Avi.

Their Lips Tell Me, "No No"...

Both George McGovern, shaken by Dukakis,
And Jacob Javits, feeling slightly ill,
Inform us they'll behave no more like Bacchus,
Disporting daily at the public till.
Fat Teddy, too, says he'll exert his will
To keep our taxes at a decent rate,
While lesser-known progressives on the Hill
Quote Calvin Coolidge until very late.
Yet only yesterday they gave the gate
To supplicants soliciting a cut.
When Helms held forth, they'd all expectorate;
Few ever even bothered to rebut.
They'll sin no more, or so their speeches say,
And I sell hashish, evenings, in Bombay.

W. H. VON DREELE

The SALT Syndrome

"Will the USSR demand a concession from the U.S. in return for a mutual abandonment of 'depressed trajectory' missiles?" National Security Advisor Brzezinski asked President Carter this question at a meeting in the Oval Office in August. Before hearing the answer, please bear in mind that "depressed trajectory" missiles (DTs, that is) fly lower than standard ballistic missiles and therefore reach the target much faster, reducing warning times by up to one-half. Launched from a Russian sub one hundred miles offshore, they would allow four minutes' warning instead of the eight allowed by regular missiles. The idea of abolishing the DTs is to reduce the risk of surprise attack, and President Carter reportedly is favorably inclined, thinking that it would sweeten a SALT agreement by "making the world a safer place."

Now for the answer to Brzezinski's question, from Congressmen Carr (D., Mich.) and Downey (R., N.Y.): No, the USSR will not demand any new concession in return for abandoning the DTs because the U.S. is already well ahead of the USSR in the art of low-flying missiles. Get the point? No *new* concession will be demanded because the real concession is already contained *within* the concept of a mutual ban since we would

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be giving up a considerable technological advantage. This can be called the "SALT Syndrome" because it reveals the ingrained habit of sacrificing America's principal substantial continuing advantage—our superior capacity for advanced technology. One might better have asked what concessions we should demand from the USSR for giving up our technological lead. But the SALT Syndrome is a reverse mirror image of the asymmetry that characterizes the Soviet and American positions. Where the Soviets have a built-in advantage such as totalitarian secrecy, we must accept it and build our position around it rather than press for verification on the ground. When it comes to *our* built-in advantage—our technology—the SALT Syndrome impels us to bargain it away. No wonder skepticism about any SALT II agreement is mounting—even in Washington.

New Strategic Concept

Here is that rare thing, rarer than generally thought, a new idea. The idea crystallizes the perception that time has become an increasingly important component of overall strategy. In his seminal book *Suicide of the West*, James Burnham used a geographical metaphor. The geographical space controlled by the West has steadily diminished. And this was a spatial representation of deeper things.

In a paper delivered before the American Political Science Association last month, an aide to Senator Gary Hart (D., Colo.) said something new. He said that the West can and should control the dimension of time.

Mr. William Lind referred back to some fascinating U.S. Air Force studies arising out of the Korean War. It developed that the Soviet MiG-15 could perform every discrete maneuver in the manuals better than the U.S. fighter, the F-86. But, notwithstanding, the F-86 almost invariably won in aerial combat. In the popular press of the time this edge was attributed to the superior experience of American pilots. Air Force studies found a different answer, though. While the Soviet fighter could perform any single maneuver better, the F-86 could manage the *transition* from one maneuver to another more rapidly than its rival. What resulted was that in any aerial episode, the F-86 was *cycling within the cycle*. The maneuver pattern of the MiG-15 was short-circuited. In combat, the pilot of the Soviet aircraft found the situation slipping out of control. Sometimes he experienced a kind of mental breakdown, losing psychologically before he had actually been shot down.

Lind gives this perception broad application. He notices that the German *Blitzkrieg* in 1940 was largely a matter of speed and maneuver rather than matériel and superior numbers. The Germans maneuvered within the cycle of the French "observation–decision–reaction" cycle, which, for structural reasons, was much longer than the German cycle. Like the pilot of the MiG-15, the French army lost before it was actually beaten.

Lind then turns to the U.S.-Soviet confrontation. He notices that the centralized, heavily bureaucratic Soviet structure has a relatively long cycle in things like weapons procurement and battlefield planning. He makes his revolutionary suggestion.

We should attempt "in every case—weapon design, force structuring, military doctrine development—to identify the opponent's current and planned actions, and react to them sufficiently quickly so as to render them irrelevant by the time they come into full effect . . . Our socio-economic system has the potential of developing and producing new weapons, sensors, electronics, much more rapidly than the centralized Soviet system."

The result of such a strategy of cycling-within-the-cycle would be that a key Soviet weapons system would be irrelevant by the time it came into existence, just as the cruise missile and the neutron bomb render Soviet massed armor irrelevant. We would thus short-circuit Soviet planning, exploit the structural vulnerability of the Soviet system, and take advantage of the inherent strengths of our own system.

As Marxist doctrine has always maintained, the strength of the armed forces depends upon the strength of the social system behind them.

The PLO Goes to Hollywood

The UN's new $500,000 public relations program to boost "Palestinian rights" (read PLO) is yet another sign of the one-eyed discrimination in favor of Communist-armed violence. Thus the UN favors the Russian- and Chinese-armed and Cuban-trained Rhodesian guerrillas (euphemistically known as the "Patriotic Front") over the bi-racial Rhodesian government in Salisbury.

In a similar vein, the Carter Administration opposed and defeated resolutions in the House and Senate which would have cut off the U.S. share (25 per cent) of the pro-PLO campaign, and at the same time dithered for two weeks over a simple visa for two leaders of the Rhodesian Government, Ian Smith and Ndabaningi Sithole. The Palestinian film promises to be socko. It will feature an interview with that leader of peace and democracy, Yasir Arafat and, according to its director, Pierre Desbonnet (U.S. citizen), will show "Israeli soldiers patrolling Arab towns, stopping Palestinians, strikes of Arab merchants, construction of Jewish settlements, sullen resistance of neighboring Palestinians, PLO slogans painted on the walls, the aftermath of bombing incidents, etc." Just the thing to smooth the atmosphere for negotiations. Perhaps soon, the UN will do as much for Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, freedom fighters. Question: Why did Havana bankroll *The Battle of Chile* when the UN apparently would have footed the bill?

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Mobil 101?

In an effort to balance the tilt toward collectivism that has characterized American higher education since World War II, the business community has been emboldened to endow professorial chairs for free market economists. It goes without saying that this development is provoking alarm among liberals like Fred M. Hechinger of the *New York Times*: "The problem with the concept of free enterprise chairs—endowed by business and filled with appointees made directly by the donors or according to their guidelines—is that it is incompatible with university autonomy. . . . If this happens, the teaching of economic theory will be only one among many crucial academic areas . . . that end up for sale."

The question has complex ramifications. If such a chair is offered, a university can either accept it or decline it. Should the offer be accepted, the university can stipulate a procedure for filling it. Presumably such a post would not be open to a mere PR man. Nor is it obvious that a qualified economist, filling one, is "for sale." Milton Friedman, Armen Alchian, Walter Williams, or Colin Campbell—such pre-eminent free market economists disapprove of many of the practices and activities of big business.

The same kinds of questions would arise concerning chairs endowed by a foreign government—a chair of Arabic, Asian, or Latin American studies.

The same kinds of questions arise when a university, allowing itself to become dependent upon federal funds, accepts federal guidelines for hiring and promotion.

Mr. Hechinger's concern over university autonomy seems rather specialized.

Chile: Constitution-Making

Obscured by headlines about the Letelier affair and the approaching trial, and by other headlines about politics within the ruling military junta, a fascinating constitutional process appears to be underway in Chile.

For over a year, a civilian committee has been working on the draft of a new constitution intended to pave the way to civilian rule—but on a more stable basis than prior to the September 1973 coup against the Allende government. To be sure, the proof of a constitution lies in the actual practice: *vide* the Soviet constitution with its admirable list of "rights." All of that is vitiated in practice by the special role allowed the Communist Party within the Soviet constitution itself. Nevertheless, the constitution now emerging in Chile may represent a notable "post-Whig" theoretical constitution-making initiative.

The eighteenth century U.S. Constitution, with George Washington presiding over the Constitutional Convention, allowed for a strong executive. Most nineteenth century constitutions, however, were "Whig"—distrustful of executive power, and indeed of government in general. In our own time, de Gaulle shifted the French constitution in a "presidential" direction—away, as he put it, from "the parties." In Chile, the current civilian framers appear to be thinking along similar lines. Some of the tentative provisions:

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► The president will be elected by popular vote for an eight-year term and will not be eligible for re-election. If no presidential candidate receives a majority of the votes cast, there will be a run-off between the two leading candidates, as in the French system.
► There will be a bi-cameral legislature, with 150 members in the House of Deputies and 45 in the Senate. Two-thirds of the senators will be elected and the others will consist of illustrious citizens.
► The three traditional branches, executive, legislative, and judicial will be independent.
► The political parties will be reconstituted, but Marxist parties will be excluded.
► A Constitutional Tribunal will be set up, composed of members of the armed forces, and probably representatives of the Senate and the Judiciary.
► During the transition period, an initial parliament, named by the government, will hold office for four years. It will be succeeded by a popularly elected congress.

As noted above, any constitution is what the political process makes of it. Nevertheless, this still nascent constitution may represent a notable political instrument for a system that is in the front line of the world revolutionary struggle, but determined to achieve the maximum of political freedom consistent with that circumstance.

Rhodesia, R I P

Ian Smith's visit to the U.S. in the company of his colleague in the internal settlement Ndabaningi Sithole has an agonizing quality. Ever since World War II, one by one, the pro-Western statesmen, defeated or suppliant, refugees from their own lands or on the edge of being refugees, reach these shores.

Ian Smith, RAF pilot with his face rebuilt after the Battle of Britain, is, strangely, a loser. Yes, he has made his mistakes—stubborn, proud, almost always too slow to react. In a strange paradox, his emergence from Africa as a defeated leader reminds anyone with a historical sense of Haile Selassie, defeated by Mussolini, appearing before the League of Nations.

The tragedy of Ian Smith, like any genuine tragedy, involves a flaw on the part of the central character. Smith has a flaw. He once believed that white rule was both just and right for Rhodesia. He was slow to abandon that belief, but, under immense pressure, abandon it he did. Led along by Henry Kissinger, Smith agreed to a genuine one-man/one-vote formula including blacks, and got the majority black leadership to go along with it—go along with it, no, *welcome* it. This settlement had within it the potentiality of the only inter-racial democratic government on the African continent. The Soviets and the Cubans would not have liked it, but one would have expected the free world to rally to its side.

But perhaps it has become a law of history that every American President will have to lose one country, at least, before recognizing the kind of struggle he is in. There they go, unnecessarily, into the darkness: Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia, Mozambique, Angola . . . Rhodesia? Rhodesia appears to be Jimmy Carter's sacrifice on the altar of Communist inevitability.

With Western backing, the internal settlement had a good chance. Comrade Mugabe's legions are not composed of North Vietnamese, But the moderate internal settlement was torpedoed by the Carter Administration at the urging of "front line" black dictators threatening Soviet and Cuban military might.

Soon, no doubt, the last moderate lights will be going out in Rhodesia, short-circuited by the freest and most powerful democracy in the world.

Rest in peace, Rhodesia. Let us prepare to play taps, once again. Give Andy Young the Nobel Peace Prize for his invaluable contribution. Rhodesians, black and white, prepare to die.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding *retromingent* as animadversion ["On the Right," Sept. 29]: Were Mr. Irvine of different gender, not only would it be biologically possible, it is an anatomical fact. And neither would it be disparaging: for all that the function affords the lady a comparative comfort and ease, it does not thereby make a minx of her. On the other hand, perhaps the celebrated Mr. Bradlee in a fit of androgynous confusion had a fearful and fevered vision of a mounted posse, retros at the cock, streaming past his bloodshot eyes. But I have a sneaking suspicion it was sheer rhetorical subterfuge: I prefer to think that, based upon the juxtaposition of the elements in the story, the devious Mr. Bradlee vented his spleen with unerring aim, not upon Reed Irvine—him he used as *surrogatus conveniens*—but on the noble Katharine. But, dear me, lest this take on the aspects of a soap drama, let us assure Mr. Irvine (such is our confidence) that, Mr. Bradlee or no—indeed, Mrs. Graham or no—we stand behind him and AIM 100 per cent.

Yours respectfully,
S. J. Stanowski
Houston, Tex.

■ Dear Bill:

I read with horror that Sir Oswald Mosley had addressed you in a letter as "Dear William Buckley."

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According to Nancy Mitford, Sir Oswald's sister-in-law, this unspeakable form of salutation is sufficient justification to tear up a letter without reading it. Why did you submit to such an affront?

With best wishes,
Tom [Jukes]
University of California at Berkeley
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Tom: Because of my natural docility. Cordially,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Can you do anything at all to publicize the enclosed tragic letter? Mykhaylo Osadchy is the author of *Cataract* (published here in 1976), an account of his arrest and imprisonment for "anti-Soviet propaganda," that is, for speaking out against the denial of human and national rights in Ukraine. I would like to call your attention to the last sentence, a sentence that I think would strike the average American with some surprise. That is because the average American is not aware that there is such a country as Ukraine, let alone the fact that Ukrainian dissidents are perhaps the most savagely repressed in the USSR. The horror stories coming out of Ukraine in the last decade are ignored by the news media, as this story will be ignored and, no doubt, others in the future. (Lev Lukianenko, a member of the Kiev Helsinki group, was sentenced to 15 years of prison and exile last week, but where were the front page, or even tenth page, headlines?) I ask you, therefore, Mr. Buckley, to do all you can to bring Osadchy's request to the attention of "public opinion." His heart-rending letter surely serves as an example of the times we live in.

Sincerely yours,
Askold Skalsky
Department of Modern Languages
Hagerstown Junior College
Hagerstown, Md.

(Text of Mykhaylo Osadchy's Letter)

To the American people, the Senate, and President Carter:

For the seventh year I am being confined in the world's most terrible concentration camp for political prisoner-recidivists. The address of the camp is Mordovia, Sosnovka, ZhKh 325/1-6, RSFSR.

I am 41 years old. Ukrainian. I am married, have two children (eleven and nine); my mother is seventy years old. When I still had my freedom, I published a number of literary and artistic works. I defended my dissertation, and the All-Union recommendation committee approved my bachelor's degree in philology. Many of my literary essays were published. I worked as a senior lecturer at Lvov University and at other schools.

Without any reason I was twice repressed, in 1965 and 1972, because of political motives. I have been a prisoner to this day.

The KGB organs have not only made it impossible for me to pursue any literary or artistic work, but have also sentenced me to death. Because my novel *Cataract* was published in the West, I was sentenced to seven years in a special regime camp and three years of exile in Siberia. With the goal of destroying me sooner, in 1974 the KGB, using criminals, beat up my aged mother and then me at the deportation point in Potma (January 5, 1975). On May 5, 1975, in Sumy, again using criminals, they killed my 33-year-old brother Volodymyr Hryhorovych Osadchy.

They warned me that I would be killed in exile. I have less than a year left in exile, that is, until the date of my death. I know that no society in the world can save me, a slave without rights, sentenced to incredible degradation.

I want to die a citizen of the U.S.A., a nation which, in accordance with my deepest convictions, is a fortress of peace, justice, freedom, and a friend of Ukrainians and Ukraine.

Mykhaylo Osadchy
Unjustly repressed Ukrainian writer
—WFB

"So much for your written confession. Now, how about little notes of apology to the families of Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, Lee Harvey Oswald, Bruno Hauptmann, and Sacco and Vanzetti?"

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Carter's Mideast Gamble

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN THE RHAPSODIES aroused by the Camp David summit, not much attention has been given to the fact that the discussions produced, besides the secret memoranda, two separate documents, separately signed by Menahem Begin and Anwar Sadat, and separately witnessed by Jimmy Carter. One is entitled, "Framework for the Conclusion of a Peace Treaty between Egypt and Israel" (F1); the other, "Framework of Peace in the Mideast" (F2). The fact that both issued from the same conclave, were presented as a single package, and are co-mingled in the commentary as the "Camp David achievement" suggests that there is a close linkage between them, and so there was in the time and place of origin. However, they are logically, diplomatically, politically, and historically distinct. Muddling them together made the three Summiteers' TV appearance more impressive, but also spread some confusion about what was going on during those 13 days at Camp David.

Israel and Egypt are sovereign nations. They have not recognized each other diplomatically, and have for years been in a "state of war" with each other that has several times erupted into actual war. The Israeli army has since 1967 been occupying territory (the Sinai) that is recognized internationally and by Israel as Egyptian. Israel has constructed five airbases and other military installations in the Sinai, extracted oil, and sponsored settlements there for five thousand Israeli citizens. Egypt has dedenied Israeli ships unimpeded passage through the Suez Canal. Economic and cultural relations between the two nations have been minimal.

If Israel and Egypt want to make peace with each other, they are free, in the normal course of world affairs, to do so on whatever terms they find mutually acceptable. They are also free to accept the help of the U.S. in the process. F1, which the leaders of both governments have signed, is a prelude to direct negotiation of a bilateral treaty, to be completed, according to the F1 timetable, within three months.

Although F2 was presented as a documentary twin of F1, it belongs, in truth, to a different family. In negotiations concerning Egyptian and Israeli territories, issues, and relations, Begin can properly speak for Israelis and Sadat for Egyptians, and they can take Carter's advice if they want to. F2, however, deals with territories and issues—the Palestinians, the West Bank, the Golan Heights, East Jerusalem—which, though they are of importance to Egypt and especially to Israel, are not within the exclusive province of those two nations. Historically and legally as well as strategically, these issues are of legitimate and acute concern to a number of other Mideast nations as well as to the Palestinian people, who have been deprived of the national status allotted them by the UN in 1947.

Who Speaks for Whom

Egypt, Israel, and the U.S. are not endowed with any special right to decide the terms of a general Mideast peace. For that, international diplomacy has already set up, as framework, the Geneva Conference, of which the Soviet Union and the U.S. are co-chairmen. By holding the Camp David meeting, Washington was deliberately violating the understanding on which the Geneva Conference was set up.

Analysis of F2 suggests that through the Camp David meeting Carter, Begin, and Sadat, under Carter's leadership, were not carrying on a normal, if very difficult, diplomatic negotiation but attempting a major diplomatic (and strategic) coup: a bold surprise assault that would knock the Mideast nations out of their ruts and rearrange them in a new power equilibrium.

On the coup hypothesis, the first aim of the U.S. was to catch the Soviet Union off balance, and to shake loose from its embrace at least some of the radical Arab nations. This would be accompanied by military reinforcement of the nations having, or prepared to adopt, policies of resistance to Soviet inroads—beginning with the formidable military aid that the U.S. promised Israel and Egypt in the still secret Camp David protocols.

If Camp David was conceived along these lines, then its intent was to initiate a U.S. counter-offensive to cope with the offensive which, during Carter's first 18 months as President, Moscow has been carrying on in southern Africa, the African Horn, and the Arabian peninsula. Western intelligence sources monitored military moves by Soviet and other Warsaw Pact forces—including big weapons airlifts to Iraq, Syria, and Libya—immediately following the announcement of the Camp David accords. This would seem to indicate that Moscow saw them as a counter-offensive signal.

It was politically impossible for even the Jordanians and Saudis to give immediate support to the two Frameworks. By not merely excluding them from the negotiations but failing to consult or inform them beforehand, the U.S. had dealt them a diplomatic insult, in the style of the Nixon-Kissinger insult to Japan through the secret Peking rapprochement—the kind of insult superpowers are prone to. But interest usually prevails over pique in the longer run. Sudan, Egypt's neighbor, seems to be coming along. Formulas can be found for sharing the economic, military, and political benefits that can flow from peace, even from a separate peace, with Israel.

Risks Are a Two-Way Thing

Carter remarked beforehand that the Camp David summit was risky. Now that it is finished, the risk looks higher than ever. The summit was not the great success it was hailed as; it was the prelude to a possible great success, or a possible catastrophic failure. Carter's coup, with the prospect of a separate Israel-Egypt peace, may consolidate most of the Arab world against the U.S.

If Carter wants to block that outcome and use Camp David as a thrust toward a pro-Western, and therefore anti-Soviet shift in the Mideast equilibrium, he will have to show a consistency and firmness that have not, so far, been conspicuous in his political style. Since Carter took office, there have been only trial heats and test runs in the Soviet-American game. This time it's for keeps. □

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KEMP—ROTH

Revolution of 1978

BRUCE BARTLETT

JULY 14, 1977 was an historic day. On that day Congressman Jack Kemp of Buffalo, N.Y. and Senator William Roth of Delaware joined together to announce their co-sponsorship of a bill to cut all individual income tax rates by approximately a third. The announcement produced little interest; only three reporters showed up for the press conference. But just one year later, all that had changed. On July 14, 1978 the Senate Finance Committee opened hearings on the Kemp-Roth Tax Reduction Act in a packed hearing room filled with reporters and television cameras. The Kemp-Roth bill had picked up 179 co-sponsors in the House and Senate, the official endorsement of the Republican National Committee, and enthusiastic support across the United States from people weary of overtaxation. In short, the Kemp-Roth bill is now not only a major piece of legislation, but also the focal point of a counter-revolution in American politics that will have impact for years to come.

The origins of the Kemp-Roth counter-revolution were inauspicious enough. In 1974, Senator Paul Fannin of Arizona introduced a bill to aid capital formation by cutting taxes on business. Kemp liked the idea and decided to develop legislation of his own along similar lines. The bill he came up with sought to eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits, institute a tax credit for increased savings and investment by individuals, and cut the corporate tax rate, among other things.

Kemp knew his bill was good legislation, but he had great difficulty selling it. Then one day he saw an advertisement in a Buffalo newspaper which said: "LATHE OPERATORS WANTED*" in large letters. At the bottom of the page were much smaller letters which said: "*Bring Your Own Lathe." Seeing this, Kemp realized that the capital formation issue—the creation of more machines, factories, and tools of production—was actually a jobs issue as well. Here, finally, was the way to unite labor and management in working toward a common goal: economic growth.

Kemp renamed his bill the Jobs Creation Act, and it quickly became known as the Republican alternative to the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment-at-any-cost bill. Senator James McClure of Idaho sponsored the Senate version of the Jobs Creation Act, and by the end of 1976 it had 125 co-sponsors.

Kemp easily won re-election in his heavily unionized district in 1976, capturing 78 per cent of the vote. He also became a leader of younger Republicans in the House seeking innovative ways of getting the Republican Party's message across—using, among other vehicles, legislation like the Jobs Creation Act. But the "old guard" of the Republican Party was suspicious of measures which sought to cut taxes without first cutting expenditures and balancing the budget. Thus the Republican leadership in Congress, as well as the Ford Administration, not only refused to support Kemp's Jobs Creation Act, but actually fought it.

A NEW CHEMISTRY was brewing, though, and the old guard couldn't stand up against it. Kemp acquired as an aide an economist with an established record of creative scholarship, Paul Craig Roberts of the Hoover Institution. Roberts developed for Kemp a supply-side, non-Keynesian approach to economic policy, and Kemp began stressing to his colleagues the anti-inflationary implications of an increase in the output of goods and services. Why trade off inflation and unemployment along a Keynesian "Phillips Curve," Kemp asked, when supply-side economics can give us both more jobs and lower prices?

In 1975 Norman Ture, a Washington-based economist who had been director of tax analysis for the National Bureau of Economic Research, undertook an econometric analysis of the Jobs Creation Act. Ture, who received his economic training at the University of Chicago, also took a supply-side approach to economic policy, and he had developed a model that, unlike Keynesian models, could measure the effects of tax changes on incentives and production. According to Ture's analysis, Kemp's bill would have a highly favorable effect on the economy.

Ture's results were challenged first not by the Democrats, but by the Ford White House. But Kemp, true to form for a star quarterback, simply pushed harder. In his platform speech at the 1976 Republican Convention, for example, Kemp stressed that the Republican Party must be the party of tax reduction. Balancing the budget, he said, was the

Mr. Bartlett, a former member of Representative Kemp's congressional staff, is currently at work on a book about government economic policy.

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government's problem, not the problem of a political party. By being the party of the balanced budget, the Republicans had become the tax collectors for the big-spending Democrats, and there was no surer strategy for political suicide.

Eventually, the old guard started to listen. On the staff level, the Ford Treasury finally admitted in principle that supply-side economics were important and should not be neglected by economic policy-makers.

Thus, the Jobs Creation Act was successful as a consciousness-raising vehicle. Nevertheless, it had two problems that Roberts pointed out to Kemp. 1) Since it consisted primarily of business tax cuts, demagogues could attack it as a handout to big business. 2) Since it operated by means of tax incentives, tax reformers could attack it for creating new "loopholes." Roberts advised Kemp that he would get more support from economists if he advocated reductions in tax *rates*, and that he would get more political support if he balanced tax reductions for business with reductions in the rate of personal income tax.

When California voters approved the Jarvis-Gann initiative, the last Republican resistance to Kemp-Roth faded away

In October of 1976 Roberts left Kemp's staff to become chief economist for the Republicans on the House Budget Committee, and Jude Wanniski of the *Wall Street Journal* and Professor Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California appeared on the scene. Wanniski and Laffer also approached economic policy from the supply side, and—together with Roberts, Ture, Steve Entin from the Joint Economic Committee, Bruce Thompson from Senator Roth's staff, and myself—they helped Kemp to develop a new bill around reductions in the personal income tax rate. This bill became the Kemp-Roth bill.

Simply put, Laffer and Wanniski argued that government regulations and taxes create an insidious wedge between effort and reward at all levels of economic activity. As the wedge expands, a greater gap appears between what the employer pays and the employee takes home. Furthermore, they argue, there is an economic limit to taxation—a limit beyond which revenues will fall if tax rates are increased, as the government's discouragement of work and investment shrinks the tax base. Laffer illustrates this phenomenon with a graph showing that there are always two tax rates which will raise any given amount of revenue: a high rate on a small production base, and a low rate on a high production base. At the extreme it shows two tax rates which raise no tax revenue at all: 0 per cent and 100 per cent. This "Laffer Curve" offered a simple explanation of why a reduction in tax rates could increase tax revenues. It also showed why tax reductions for individuals can be just as important for the economy as tax reductions for business. Kemp soon became the greatest proponent of the Laffer Curve.

Meanwhile, Jude Wanniski was researching the history of tax cutting (research that eventually led to his book, *The Way the World Works: How Economies Fail and Succeed*, published this year). He discovered that there was really nothing new at all in this kind of economic policy. It dates back at least to Adam Smith, and more particularly to the great French economist Jean-Baptiste Say, the originator of Say's Law, which says that supply creates its own demand. This law translates into a government policy that is directed toward making production and work more profitable, rather than inflating the demand for goods and services. Wanniski coined a new term to describe this policy: "supply-side fiscalism." It opposes the Keynesians' demand-side view, which ignores the impact of taxes on the incentive to produce.

Wanniski discovered numerous historical examples of reductions in tax rates that did raise revenues. For instance, it seems that in the 1820s Great Britain had an extremely high tobacco tax, a tax which encouraged smuggling and discouraged use to such an extent that tobacco tax revenues were falling even as the population and the economy were growing. Then in 1827 Parliament passed a tobacco tax bill which accidentally, through a drafting error, reduced the tax by one-fourth. The result was that tobacco tax revenues shot up—so Parliament decided to retain the lower tax it had implemented by accident.

There were examples from the United States as well—many of them transmitted by Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon, who served under Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. As Mellon wrote in his book, *Taxation: The People's Business*:

> The history of taxation shows that taxes which are inherently excessive are not paid. The high tax rates inevitably put pressure upon the taxpayer to withdraw his capital from productive business and invest it in tax-exempt securities or find other lawful methods of avoiding the realization of taxable income. The result is that the sources of taxation are drying up; wealth is failing to carry its share of the tax burden; and capital is being diverted into channels which yield neither revenues to the government nor profit to the people. . . . What rates will bring in the largest revenue to the government, experience has not yet developed, but it is estimated that by cutting the surtaxes in half, the government, when the full effect of the reduction is felt, will receive more revenue . . . at the lower rates of tax than it would have received at the higher rates . . . just as Mr. Ford makes more money out of pricing cars at $380 than at $3,000.

Mellon acted on this philosophy and succeeded in getting the Congress to cut the highest marginal tax rate to 25 per cent in 1925 (it had been as high as 66 per cent after World War I). The result was a vast economic expansion which allowed the U.S. to pay off much of its war debt.

But the most important case of all was the Kennedy Administration tax cuts. In 1963 the highest marginal tax rate (the tax paid on each additional dollar earned) stood at 91 per cent and the lowest at 20 per cent. President Kennedy proposed a reduction in these rates—which had been imposed during World War II and never reduced afterward—to 70 per cent at the top and 14 per cent at the bottom. He also cut the corporate tax rate from 52 per cent to 48 per cent. Although Kennedy died before final passage of these measures, they became law in 1964 through the efforts of President Johnson, Congressman Wilbur Mills, and Senator Russell Long.

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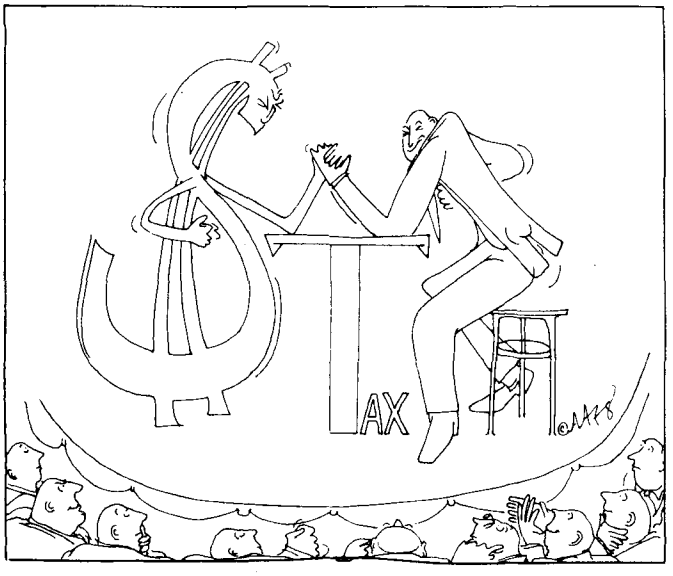
There followed the longest sustained economic expansion in the history of the United States. The Treasury Department had predicted an $89-billion revenue loss between 1963 and 1968 as a result of the tax cut. In fact, because of the economy's expansion, Treasury revenues increased by more than $54 billion. That it was actually the tax cut that increased revenues has been disputed, but in 1977, in testimony before the Joint Economic Committee, Walter Heller, who was Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors during the Kennedy period, confirmed that this is what happened. Heller said:

> What happened to the tax cut in 1965 is difficult to pin down, but insofar as we are able to isolate it, it did seem to have a tremendously stimulative effect, a multiplied effect on the economy. It was the major factor that led to our running a $3-billion surplus by the middle of 1965 before escalation in Vietnam struck us. It was a $12-billion tax cut, which would be about $33 or $34 billion in today's terms, and within one year the revenues into the Federal Treasury were already above what they had been before the tax cut.
>
> Did it [the tax cut] pay for itself in increased revenues? I think the evidence is very strong that it did.

With these impressive facts to back him up, Kemp asked his staff to draw up a new piece of legislation which would duplicate the Kennedy program. At the same time—early 1977—Kemp received a note from Senator William Roth, a member of the Senate Finance Committee, saying that he agreed completely with Kemp's ideas about tax cutting and suggesting that they do something together. Roth was asked if he liked the idea of duplicating the Kennedy program, and he responded favorably.

For the next month or two Kemp's staff and Roth's staff negotiated the precise form of the tax bill. Eventually it was decided that the following provisions would constitute the Kemp-Roth Tax Reduction Act: 1) Reducing the highest marginal tax rate from 70 per cent to 50 per cent, and the lowest marginal tax rate from 14 per cent to 8 per cent. 2) Reducing the corporate tax rate from 48 per cent to 45 per cent. 3) Increasing the corporate surtax exemption from $50,000 to $100,000, to help small businesses.

The Kennedy program had been phased in over two years; it was decided to phase in the Kemp-Roth program over three years, in order to minimize budgetary impact. The phasing-in time would also ensure that the economy would have time to react to the tax changes, thereby creating more revenue feedback.



Despite the evidence—both the historical record and the Laffer-Wanniski analysis—that the Kemp-Roth bill would not lead to an increase in the deficit, some Republicans refused (and still refuse) to support the measure. This is less true in the House, where members face biennial elections; but in the Senate, certain powerful Republicans were opposed to the bill from the very beginning. Senator Henry Bellmon, ranking minority member of the Senate Budget Committee, was particularly hostile and uncooperative, as was Senator Javits. Although both Bellmon and Javits have recently agreed to support Kemp-Roth if it is Republican Party policy (which it now is), their support is lukewarm at best.

And there are also Republicans who oppose the bill on principle, because they are more concerned with the deficit than with tax cuts. Now, Republicans are right to oppose measures that will lead to an increase in the deficit; however, their preoccupation with the deficit as such has led them to abandon the historical Republican position as the party of tax reduction. We forget that the first bill introduced in each of the last two Republican Congresses—1946-48 and 1952-54—was a bill to slash tax rates across the board. In each case, too, the measures were defeated by presidential opposition, on the grounds that they would widen the deficit. That the Republicans lost control of Congress in 1954 was no coincidence, following Eisenhower's fateful decision to oppose tax reduction and balance the budget at any cost, even if it meant raising taxes.

BUT KEMP OVERCAME this Republican resistance to tax reduction. He relied heavily on the Laffer Curve and its implication that an increase in taxes may reduce revenues rather than raise them. He also argued, persuasively, that tax reduction was the Republicans' political counterpart to the Democrats' big spending. Kemp said that the Democrats had achieved political success by, in effect, promising something-for-nothing. They promised to alleviate poverty, rebuild the cities, eliminate unemployment—and never worried about how to pay for their programs. And they never had to, because they knew the Republicans would be the bad guys who told the people they could not have what they had been promised.

Tax reduction, on the other hand, was an historic Republican position that the Democrats could not co-opt, because their basic present-day constituency (primarily those who consume government revenues rather than producing them) would not stand for it. So the Republicans finally had something to offer the voters besides austerity.

That Kemp and Roth had anticipated the mood of the country as a whole on the tax reduction issue became clear on June 6, 1978, when California voters overwhelmingly approved the Jarvis-Gann initiative. Suddenly, the last Republican resistance to Kemp-Roth faded away. Now even the Democrats had to take Kemp-Roth seriously.

On July 14, 1978, the Senate Finance Committee's Subcommittee on Taxation and Debt Management, chaired by

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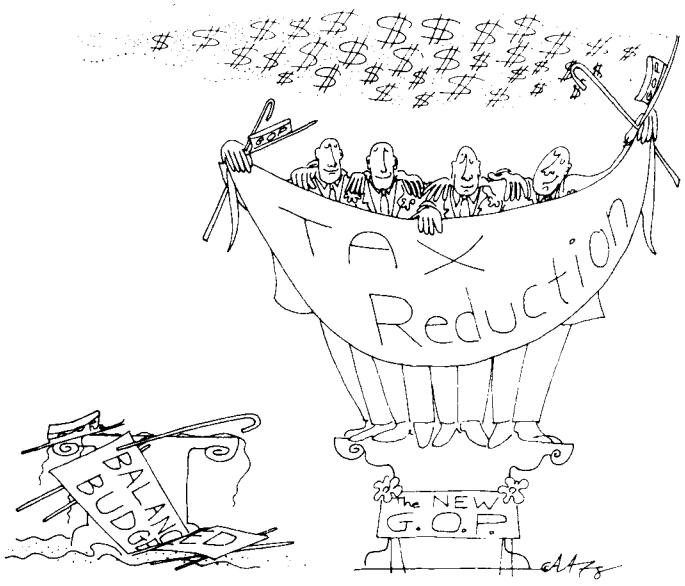
Senator Harry F. Byrd Jr., held hearings on the Kemp-Roth bill. Testifying in favor of the measure were such prominent economists as Herbert Stein and Alan Greenspan, former chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisors; Michael K. Evans, president of Chase Econometrics; Jack Carlson, chief economist of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; and Norman Ture. Testifying against the bill were, principally, Emil Sunley of the Treasury Department and Andrew Biemiller, chief AFL-CIO lobbyist.

The gist of the pro-Kemp-Roth testimony is simple: inflation has pushed taxpayers into higher and higher tax brackets over the past decade, leading to an enormous increase in marginal tax rates. For example, in 1965 only 18.8 per cent of taxpayers were affected by marginal tax rates of 20 per cent or more. By 1975, 53.3 per cent of taxpayers were affected by such rates. This has led to a serious erosion of incentive. Secondly, taxes are going up and will continue to go up unless there is a large tax cut this year, both because of inflation and because of tax increases voted by Congress. In other words, Kemp-Roth is needed just to keep taxes where they are. And, finally, tax reduction may act as a check on the growth of government relative to that of the private sector. If the government adopted policies that spurred the growth of the private sector, its budget could grow in dollar size while still shrinking as a percentage of GNP.

Today, the opposition to Kemp-Roth relies entirely on two arguments: that the measure would increase the deficit and that it is inflationary. It is truly amusing to hear liberal Democrats like Congressman Charles Vanik, who have voted for every spending bill that has ever come before Congress, arguing against deficits and inflation.

In any case, these arguments are false. Inflation is caused by an excessive quantity of money. If a deficit is financed by borrowing rather than monetization, then there cannot be inflation. Thus, Kemp-Roth supporters point out that even if there should be a small reduction in revenues as a result of this tax cut, there is no question that private savings would increase more than enough to cover the deficit without monetization, if spending is held to a current-services level. (Current-services means keeping all existing programs but not increasing their appropriations, except to cover the rate of inflation, while adding no new programs.)



Even before Jarvis-Gann, support for the Kemp-Roth bill among Republicans at the national level was almost total. Republican Party Chairman Bill Brock, Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, and House Minority Leader John Rhodes have all given it their strongest support. Throughout the country Republican candidates have flocked to the tax reduction issue—and Kemp-Roth—like drowning men reaching for life-preservers. In New Jersey, Senator Clifford Case, a 26-year veteran, was defeated in the Republican primary by an ex-Reagan staffer named Jeffrey Bell primarily because Case opposed Kemp-Roth and Bell enthusiastically supported it.

There is no question that Kemp-Roth spawned the tuition tax credit bill and the Steiger amendment to slash capital gains taxes

With this kind of momentum behind the bill, the Democrats knew they had to pull out all the stops to defeat it. And they did. First, Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, promised Kemp that he would allow Kemp-Roth to be offered as an amendment to the Committee's tax bill when it reached the floor. But then Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill went to work and attempted to get the House Rules Committee to prohibit the vote on Kemp-Roth that Ullman had promised. When this raised a storm of protest, O'Neill backed down—but not all the way. He compromised and said that Kemp could offer his bill as part of a motion to recommit the Committee's tax bill, rather than as an actual amendment to the bill. The effect was to force the House to decide between defeating the Committee's tax bill (which is not altogether a bad bill) or defeating Kemp-Roth; he denied the House the opportunity of *improving* the Committee bill. When the vote came on August 10, Tip O'Neill's tactics had done their work: Kemp's motion was defeated 240 to 177, and Kemp even lost five of his co-sponsors.

However, what Kemp, Roth, & Co. have accomplished is nothing less than extraordinary. Even before the Jarvis-Gann vote one could see new vigor among Republicans in Congress, as they finally got off the defensive and onto the offensive. There is no question that Kemp-Roth spawned the tuition tax credit bill and the Steiger amendment to slash capital gains taxes. More such efforts will come.

Once the Republicans dropped their dogmatic quest for a balanced budget at any cost and realized that tax reduction is the political answer to the Democrats' spending, then new ideas—politically popular and economically sound ideas—began to flow exuberantly through the GOP. The supply-side fiscalists have nudged the interests of economists away from the Keynesian emphasis on spending, or demand, which has fostered the large budget deficits of past years. And the Republicans have caught the mood of the people, to a point where, for the first time in two decades, it is not unreasonable to consider the possibility of a Republican President backed up by a Republican Congress. □

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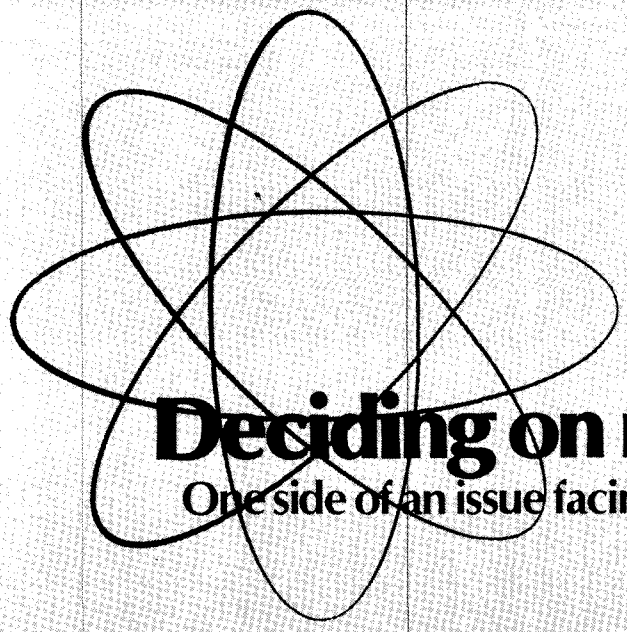

Deciding on nuclear energy.

One side of an issue facing the electric power industry.

Nuclear power is not the energy form of the future. It is very much a part of the present. And important national decisions must be made if it is to continue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electricity commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71 plants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about as much as we get from hydro-electric dams, more than *all* electric power generated in the country in 1946. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technology is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

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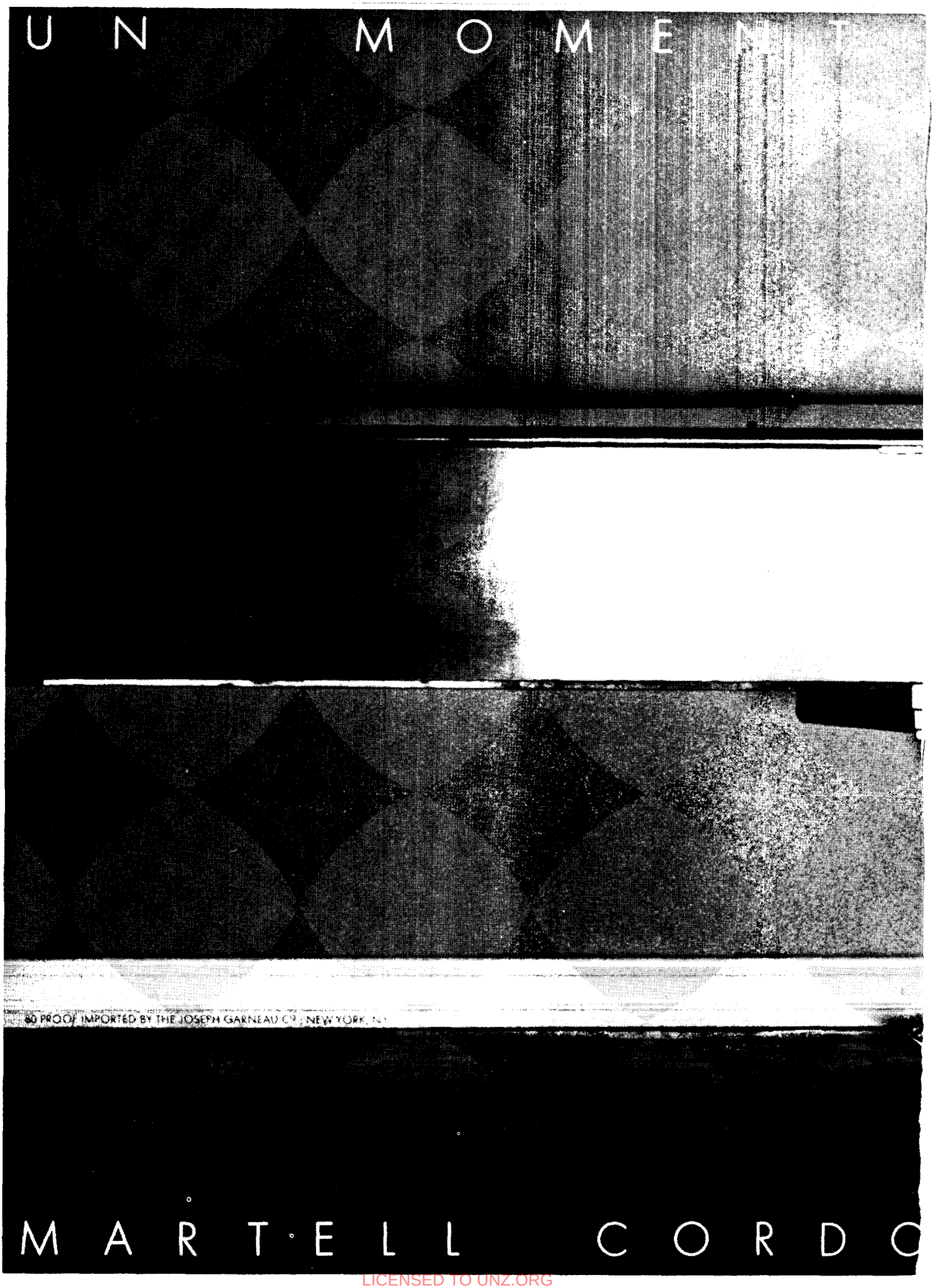

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CONNECTICUT

A Touch of Ginger

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

A DEMOCRATIC PARTY propagandist's dream—the Republican get-together at the Greenwich Country Club, September 21. Jeweled, tanned, coiffed ladies; groomed, tanned, blazered husbands. In the parking lot and along the fairways—Mercedes, Porsches, Cadillacs.

Inside, Malcolm Pray—automobile collector, prosperous local businessman—says proudly he has supported the Republican Party in Connecticut for twenty years. He is escorting Carol Houghton, who says she summers in Southampton, winters in Palm Beach, and, on frequent European trips, always stays at Claridges in London and the Ritz in Paris.

Though apolitical, she says she is glad to be here with Pray, one of the co-chairmen—recruited by Jeremiah Millbank, Greenwich's conservative stalwart—to run this $200-a-shot, rubber-chicken fundraiser, the purpose of which is to aid Connecticut Congressman Ronald Sarasin in his close race with Democratic Governor Ella Grasso.

For Greenwich Republicans, who regularly raise huge amounts of money for GOP candidates, the dinner is part of a tradition. The same tradition that dictates, on the rare occasion when a Republican candidate is actually successful, that he instantly disavow fiscal responsibility, endorse a state income tax, and align himself with the Rockefellers, Scrantons, and Percys.

In the mid-Sixties, the shrewd, savvy Greenwich businessmen got so tired of being taken in by ordinary politicians that they groomed one of their own, electing him the town's first selectman, then Fourth District congressman, then U.S. senator. The former selectman is, of course, Lowell Weicker—a name whose mere mention tonight makes these veddy nice people boo like Boston Bruin fans.

Well, Weicker is nowhere to be seen and neither are the other "progressive wing of the party" stars who so long dominated the keynote addresses at state party dinners. Instead, the guest of honor is the right wing's hottest new property, the Republican congressman who rolls up working class votes in Buffalo—Jack Kemp.

Kemp's speaking style is staccato—"like a machine gun" said the local news account. He is learned, and the former Buffalo Bills quarterback talks about economic theory as if explaining the wing T at halftime—he seems likely at any moment to throw some Xs and Os on a blackboard and show how Milton Friedman—with Irv Kristol leading the interference—slants off tackle against hapless Ken Galbraith and lumbering Lord Keynes.

Kemp tosses a long bomb of his own and connects—even here in Greenwich. His five-year-old son, he confides, has grown tired of hearing, "Oh, you must be Congressman Kemp's little boy"; Mrs. Kemp has encouraged him, when confronted with such condescension, to answer instead with his own full name. So at the Labor Day parade in Buffalo a few weeks ago, when the City Fathers leaned down, patted Jackie Jr. on the cerebrum, and asked if he was truly the Congressman's little progeny, Jack Jr. retorted fiercely, "That's not what my mother says."

Kemp went on to show he has mastered the stump speech—rousing the audience, mentioning, it seemed, Sarasin's name in every third paragraph.

Not that Sarasin needed the plugs. Earlier in the evening, the third-term congressman who has run up fantastic margins in his Democratic district made an impression of his own, rattling off statistics about the growth of state government and what he calls the Democrats' "anti-jobs tax."

He pledged to revoke Connecticut's capital gains tax and brought cheers when he talked about his petition drive for a constitutional amendment that would limit state spending and prohibit an income tax.

Sarasin got more cheers when he told the audience how that very morning in Hartford he appeared before COPE and told the astonished labor group—which is used to toadying GOPers—that he must decline an endorsement from the organization that endorsed a state income tax.

And at the head table, Connecticut GOP Chairman Frederick Biebel sat there, loving it, saying to everybody: "Isn't that something—what Ron did today in Hartford?" Besides Sarasin's attractive, conservative candidacy, Biebel is the second reason why the Connecticut GOP may actually win something this year.

Amicable, savvy, with the disconcerting habit of listening closely to those with whom he is conversing, Biebel is compared by the *Washington Post*'s David Broder—who has himself seen a pro or two—to Connecticut's legendary Democratic political boss, the late John Bailey. And though Biebel's ad campaign is not even under way, the *Hartford Courant* poll shows a dead heat between Sarasin and Grasso.

If a GOP victory in Connecticut under conservative colors sounds odd, the head-table chatter in Greenwich was poetic. Seated next to Biebel was F. Clifton White—retired now to Greenwich from the campaigns that nominated Goldwater and elected Buckley and Helms—conversing seriously with the chairman of this once hard-core liberal party.

ON THE OTHER side of the table, U.S. Representative Stewart McKinney, the nicest man in Congress but one who regularly votes for labor reform, approves HEW extravagances, and doesn't want the Pentagon buying anything more sophisticated than a carbine, is laughing about what he calls his swing to the right, notably his support of the Kemp-Roth tax cut.

Malcolm Pray and Carol Houghton said later they were much impressed by the evening, and Hal and Sandra Holmyard, another of the handsome couples, said they were absolutely wowed by Sarasin and were glad to hear he has a chance of winning. And it is possible, this year in Connecticut, that the Republicans will take the statehouse—and, for once, even keep the promises made to the simple folk at the Greenwich Country Club. □

Mr. Dolan, winner of a Pulitzer Prize for journalism in 1978, is a reporter for the Stamford Advocate.

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helo !!!!

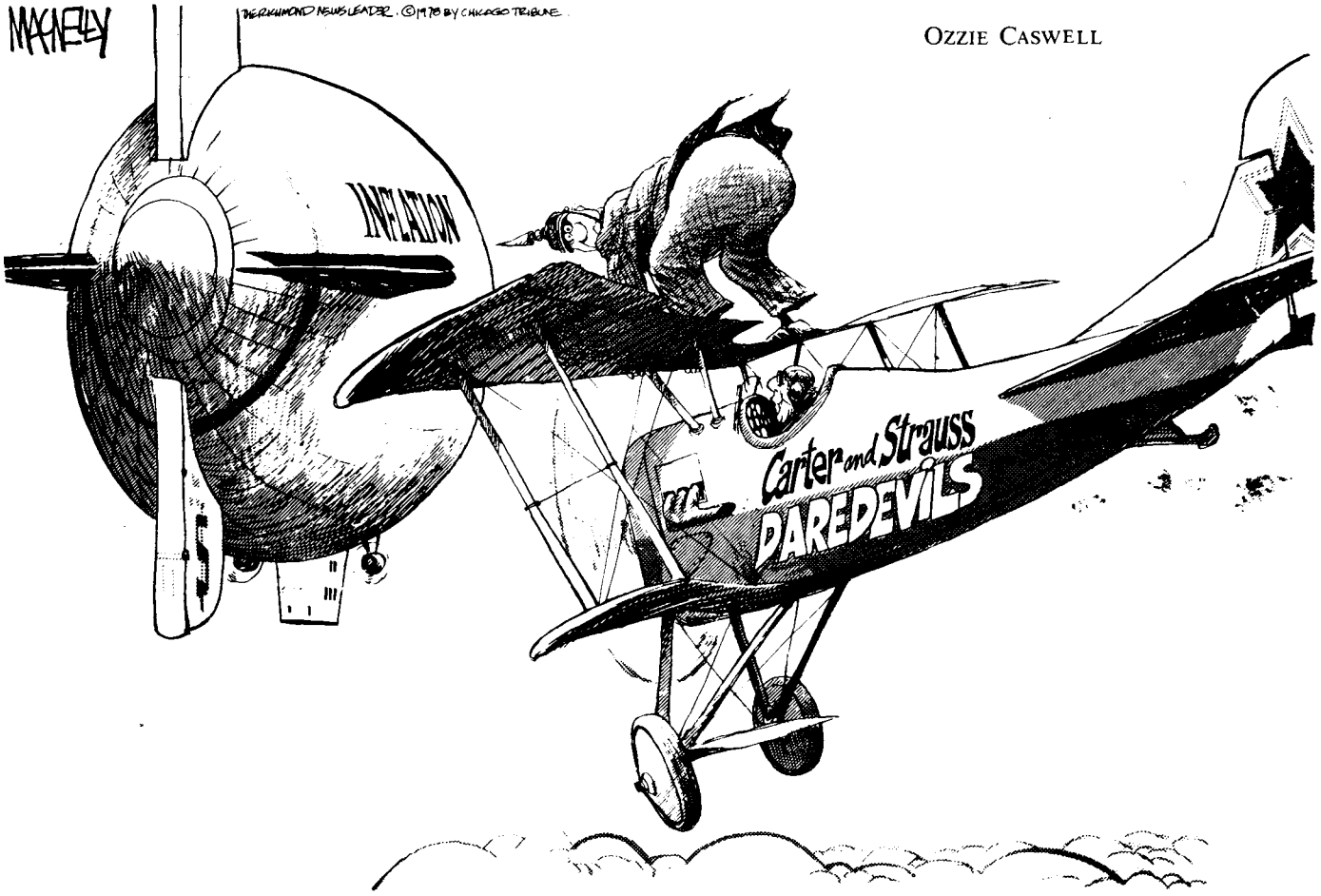
A Mess on PBS

If pianos could
Show rage at Cage
They would—
Poor things,
Their strangled strings
Fixed not to play
A sound that sings.

Then what to play?
Well, thud and clunk
Embroidered with
The cruddy bunk
The critics—as with Pavlov's bell
Conditioned—understand so well.

Although we know
They're being had,
The put-on isn't always bad:
For instance, Cage's silent score—
A nothing clef as for the deaf.
Bravo! Encore!
Yes, give us less—and less and less
Of John Cage on PBS.

OZZIE CASWELL



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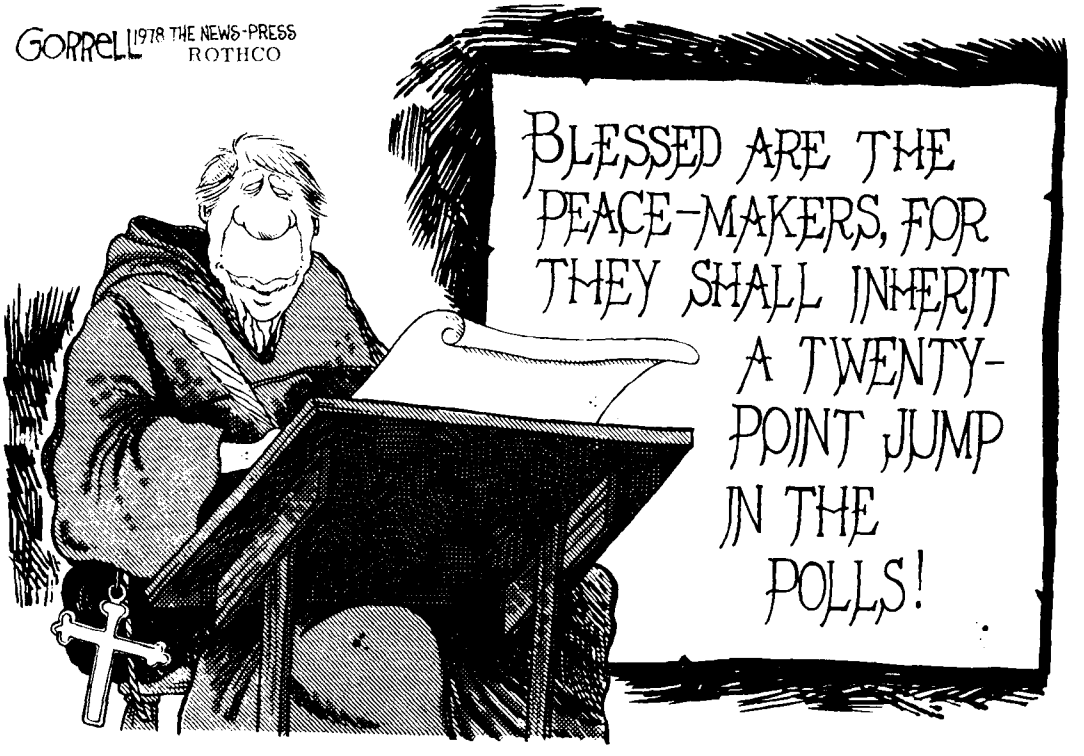
"I'm a concerned American but I haven't figured out what to be concerned about."

"It's an amusing little wine and a hilarious little label."



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LETTER FROM CENTRAL AMERICA

Reprieve for Nicaragua

ROBERT S. STROTHER

FIDEL CASTRO'S month-long *Putsch*-by-proxy in Nicaragua didn't quite come off, but he is likely to try again as soon as he has delivered Rhodesia into Communist hands. Nicaragua has never looked better as a candidate to become what the Cuban dictator cynically describes as "the second free territory" in the Western Hemisphere.

From Castro's viewpoint and that of his Soviet masters, the Nicaraguan attempt was well worth the trouble. It did not achieve its major objectives—to oust General Anastasio Somoza Debayle from the Presidency and to turn control over to the Sandinista National Liberation Front—but it racked up an impressive list of accomplishments. It left hundreds of Nicaraguans dead, thousands wounded, five cities badly damaged, and one—Esteli—in ruins. It shattered the economy, emptied the Treasury, and widened the already yawning gap between the *Somacistas* and the rest of the country. It damaged, perhaps fatally, the remnants of Somoza's prestige as a military leader. Not the least of its merits, as Castro sees it, was that it cost the Communists practically nothing. Nicaragua was forced to pay for its own partial destruction.

During the 19 years since he seized power in Cuba, Castro has supported every subversive movement that came along, but always on the cheap. He provides training in terrorism for hundreds of "liberation" leaders, gives them some armament and a lot of advice, but expects them to raise their own funds through bank robberies—"expropriations" in Party jargon—and extortion.

The script for Nicaragua called for action in three phases: a commando raid to seize the National Palace in Managua, with the capture for ransom of as many legislators and officials as possible; a general strike against the government, coupled with student uprisings designed to produce martyrs; and a worldwide propaganda campaign in which Moscow's stupendous battery of mud-pumps would smear Somoza with all the finest epithets in the revolutionary vocabulary. Somoza was supposed to abdicate and depart with any remaining portable assets, encouraged in that course by a coup to be promoted among officers in the eight-thousand-man National Guard (which is both army and police force in Nicaragua).

Phase One came off brilliantly. On August 22 a group of 25 Sandinistas wearing National Guard uniforms approached the Palace and opened fire at close range with automatic weapons. Six soldiers were killed and ten civilians wounded. In the confusion, the terrorists easily took possession of the Palace with only one of their number wounded.

THE PALACE houses several ministries as well as the national congress, which happened to be in session. The *guerrilleros* captured scores of legislators as well as several top officials of the Somoza regime. In a simultaneous action, another Sandinista group captured an army barracks in Las Chulapas, near the Costa Rican border.

Both operations were carried off with a precision which demolished any illusion that the attackers were local, machete-brandishing peasants rising in wrath against a tyrant. They had the same confident skill as the band that hijacked the high command of OPEC from Vienna a few years ago—or, to bring the case nearer home, of the gang that seized nearly fifty leading officials and private citizens of Nicaragua in a night raid on a social gathering in 1974. Each of these episodes netted the guerrillas millions of dollars in ransom —millions which have financed scores of terrorist activities in the years since.

The Sandinistas threatened to murder their captives one by one unless they gained the release of 120 "political prisoners" (i.e., terrorists captured earlier), payment of $10 million in ransom, and delivery by air of the personnel and the loot to some well-disposed country. Panama, Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Mexico were mentioned as possible host countries. Santiago Roel, Mexico's foreign minister, volunteered the hospitality of his country before the Sandinistas announced Panama as their choice. (Some Mexican newspapers objected that Mexico already has an adequate supply of Communist terrorists of its own.)

Somoza, as he had done in the episode in 1974, capitulated. Only 59 "political prisoners" could be found, but they, along with the Archbishop of Managua and other hostages, were loaded into a Venezuelan Hercules C-130 and a Panamanian airliner. A crowd of two thousand at the Managua airport cheered the Sandinistas as they took off.

Phase Two of the guerrillas' plan, meanwhile, was reasonably successful. A general strike, supported by the Managua Chamber of Commerce, halted up to 75 per cent of business in the capital for a time, and uprisings by poorly armed university students in several provincial cities produced the required toll of martyrs. The Sandinista attack began to develop, as planned, into a small civil war. It was put down in 13 days of fighting by the National Guard, using machine-gun and rocket fire in aerial attacks on rebel strongpoints within cities. The Red Cross said that at least 1,500 people were killed.

Phase Three was a flop. The planned coup within the military never gained much momentum, and Somoza refused to resign. One month from the day it all started, an Organization of American States commission arrived in Managua to investigate charges and countercharges. Not much was expected to come of it.

Somoza is a strongman, to be sure, but an elected one whose misdeeds, in peacetime at any rate, compare with Castro's as post-nasal drip compares with the bubonic plague. His five-year

(Continues on page 1365)

Mr. Strother is NR*'s Latin American correspondent.*

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Bring Back The Gold Standard?

The Affirmative

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

IT BUYS LOVE, said Ovid. It is essentially useless, said Sir Thomas More, banishing it from his ideal state of Utopia. It seduces saints, said Shakespeare. It is a cross upon which mankind must not be crucified, said William Jennings Bryan. It will be used to plate public privies, said Lenin. It is a barbarous relic, said John Maynard Keynes.

"It" is, in the rhyme of English poet Thomas Hood,

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

Cold? Not exactly. It's about the hottest commodity in the world today, sought after by millions of people trying to find a safe haven from the ravages of inflation—people of all sorts: industrialist and worker in Hong Kong, maharajah and pariah in India, sultan and camel driver in the Muslim states, landlord and tenant in Sicily, Park Avenue and hoi polloi in America.

Trace the price of gold, zig-zagging higher and higher. In 1971, just before Nixon fired off his salvo of wage-price controls and shut the gold window to the world's central bankers, loaded with billions of dollars in suddenly irredeemable green paper, the price of gold was $35 an ounce. That price has since flirted twice with the $200 level—once in 1974, immediately before the U.S. re-legalized private gold ownership, and again last March, immediately before the leftist parties, who had been favored in the polls, lost the French elections. But history was made on July 28, 1978, when gold finally hurdled the $200 mark.

Still, it should be stressed that these prices—$35, $200—are being expressed in today's funny-money—paper money.

Repeat, paper. Which calls to mind the classic remark of Austrian economist Ludwig von Mises: "Government is the only agency that can take a useful commodity like paper, slap some ink on it, and make it totally worthless."

In Gold We Trust

Read the fine-print notation on any bill in your wallet. It says, "This note is legal tender for all debts, public and private." (And on the other side, in slightly larger type, it also says, rather gratuitously, "In God We Trust.") But it doesn't say what everyone knows: that that paper bill's purchasing power is sinking—currently at an annual rate of, conservatively speaking, 7 per cent. (At that rate, prices will double by 1988, just ten years hence. Then the average new house in America, at $60,000 today, will be $120,000. The 65-cent loaf of bread will be $1.30. And so on.)

But inflation is nothing new. With some notable exceptions, as I will explain, it's been going on for some four thousand years, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. Observing that fact, I immodestly proclaimed in NATIONAL REVIEW and *Challenge Magazine*, in 1959, Peterson's Law: *Money tends over time to multiply in volume and divide in value.* Or, expressed differently, *The purchasing power of money tends to vary inversely with the size of total debt, public and private.*

What about those exceptions? That's my point—they're all related to gold. Athens' gold *stater* or "owl"—named after its minted image of an owl—provided gold-standard stability for hundreds of years over much of the ancient Mediterranean world. Later the Byzantine Empire's gold *solidus* or "bezant" was good for eight hundred years of gold-standard stability, finding its way in transactions from England to China, from Scandinavia to northern Africa.

More recently still, from, roughly, the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to the outbreak of World War I—i.e., for virtually an entire century—the gold standard prevailed over most of the world, with tremendous success in promoting price stability, international trade, and global prosperity. Inflation was non-existent or minimal, and then

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Mr. Peterson is a professor of Philosophy of Business at Campbell College, and a member of the Committee for Monetary Research and Education, Inc., a non-profit educational group dedicated to the return of the gold standard. . . . Mr. Reynolds is vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

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mainly as a result of unusual gold discoveries in California, Australia, Alaska, and South Africa, or of localized wars such as the American Civil War, when the North abandoned gold convertibility and issued irredeemable "greenbacks."

But for most of recorded history and for most coins and currencies, Peterson's Law has prevailed. Metallic debasement or, more recently, paper proliferation has long been the name of the game.

Rome's *denarius*, for example, was practically 100 per cent silver under Caesar Augustus in 30 B.C., but was progressively debased down to 94 per cent silver content under Nero in A.D. 54, to 68 per cent silver under Marcus Aurelius in A.D. 161, 28 per cent under Gordian in A.D. 238, and 0.02 per cent in A.D. 301 when Emperor Diocletian vainly attempted to arrest galloping inflation with ruthless wage-and-price controls. But by that time Rome was all but finished; the German tribes soon took over.

Before the American Revolution, the purchasing power of Colonial paper money, especially that of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, deteriorated badly. During the Revolution, paper American Continental bills issued from 1775 to 1779 quickly lost 99 per cent of their value, giving rise to the classic expression, "Not worth a continental." Hence the significance of Article One, Section 10 of the U.S. Constitution: "No State shall . . . make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts. . . ." Plainly our Founding Fathers, burned by paper-money inflation, were gold bugs.

France's experiment with paper money in 1789-96 was an unmitigated disaster: prices soared, and hundreds were sent to the guillotine for defying the wage-and-price controls. The controls failed anyway, as they always do, and Napoleon came in with dictatorial powers. Said Bonaparte: "While I live, I will never resort to irredeemable paper." He never did.

War on Gold

The plight of South American paper currencies from the end of World War II to this very hour is legendary, with annual inflation rates of 50 to 100 per cent not uncommon and with anti-democratic forces very frequently in control. Violent paper inflation helped pave the way for Hitler, Mao, and scores of lesser dictators in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

So I submit the economic issue facing the world today is not just inflation but the *nature* of inflation—i.e., the nature of money: paper or gold. The gold standard is the antidote to the philosophy of spend and spend, tax and tax, inflate and inflate, elect and elect.

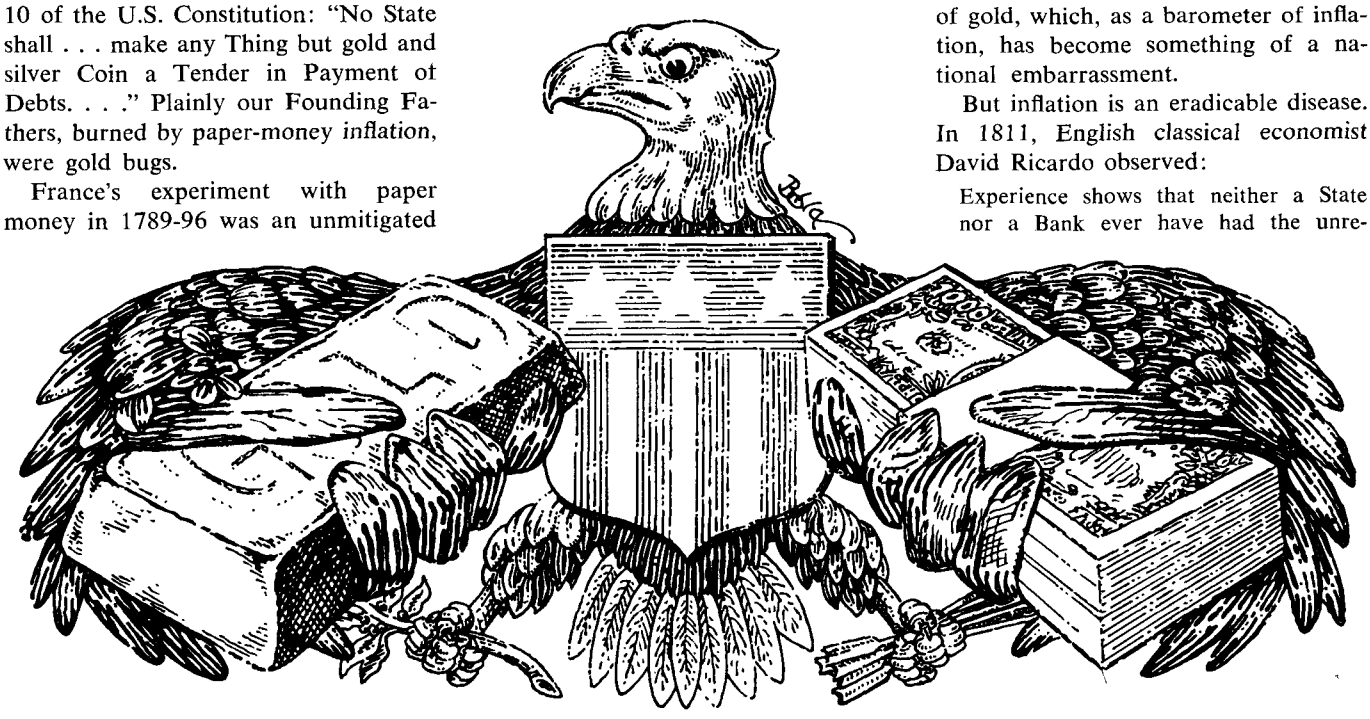
Gold is non-political; it is per se non-inflationary; it forces fiscal and monetary discipline on government, since the people, when suspicious about the integrity of the currency, can demand *their* gold, and thus shut off monetary and credit expansion—the root of the problem—through the simple exercise of redeemability. It thus restores sovereignty to the citizen, and thereby provides a new version of the Golden Rule: he who has the gold makes the rules.

Well, if logic and history are so convincing, why in heaven's name don't we go back to the gold standard? The answer is: The managed-economy crowd of prodigal politicians, interventionist-minded bureaucrats, and academic Keynesians say No. "Barbarous gold" would check their vote-buying and empire-building. It would really give "power to the people."

But it is not only No to gold but war on gold. FDR started it when he devalued the dollar (raising the official price of gold from $20.67 to $35 an ounce) and, worse, canceled private redeemability. Succeeding Presidents (and Congresses) progressively cut the dollar's remaining ties to gold. President Nixon, for example, devalued the dollar twice. The latest battle is President Carter's decision to sell off Treasury gold to the tune of 300,000 ounces at each of six monthly auctions, which began last May 23. Indeed, to further bolster our free-falling dollar, the Treasury has announced it will up the gold sale to 750,000 ounces beginning in November. The aim is to buoy up our sick paper dollar in key financial capitals like Tokyo, Frankfurt, and Zurich. It is also to beat down the price of gold, which, as a barometer of inflation, has become something of a national embarrassment.

But inflation is an eradicable disease. In 1811, English classical economist David Ricardo observed:

> Experience shows that neither a State nor a Bank ever have had the unre-



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stricted power of issuing paper money without abusing that power. In all States, therefore, the issue of paper money ought to be under some check and control; and none seems so proper for that purpose as that of subjecting the issuers of paper money to the obligation of paying their notes either in gold coin or bullion.

Which will win, paper or gold? Really, it's no contest. Gold bugs are dancing. Gold has already triumphed. Whether the people will, remains to be seen. □

The Negative

ALAN REYNOLDS

FOR MORE YEARS than I have lived, efforts to revive some sort of gold standard have commanded an inordinate share of the financial and intellectual resources of those blessed with conservative or libertarian sympathies. Aside from the quixotic and demoralizing aspects of waging a losing battle for decades, there are surely more promising issues around. Inflation is, after all, only one of several methods (such as taxes and regulations) by which resources can be diverted from voluntary to political uses. And a gold standard is only one of several devices that could eliminate inflation if, and only if, the public could and would impose some form of constraint on government's power to create money.

The restoration of the freedom to own and make contracts in gold was certainly a significant conservative achievement, and some people have successfully used gold (or Chinese vases) to protect themselves from inflation's tax on money. These developments do not make an official gold standard a politically salable issue, however, and the idea won't be adopted if it won't win votes.

A gold standard would have only an indirect effect on the main source of present-day inflation—namely, the process by which the Federal Reserve buys government IOUs and pays for them by creating bank reserves. In theory, if such monetization of federal deficits got out of hand under a gold standard, people at home and abroad would trade in surplus dollars for gold. In today's political environment, however, any such rush to first convert bank deposits into currency (a bank "run"), and then drain Fort Knox, would almost certainly just result in closing the gold window.

We don't have chronic deficit spending simply because we lack the monetary discipline of a gold standard; we lack monetary discipline of any sort largely because of the political unwillingness to live with fiscal discipline. Politicians have every incentive to buy votes with increased spending and no incentive to lose votes with increased taxes. Until that ceases to be the winning platform, the difficulty of financing chronic federal budget deficits would blow any gold standard apart.

The technical details of switching to a gold standard compound the problems. The market (not "official") value of the Treasury's gold hoard is about half the amount of currency outstanding, and only a tiny portion of various bank deposits that can be readily converted into currency. In order to acquire enough gold reserves to be able to swap gold for all these dollars, the Treasury would have to buy a lot of gold above the market price. Whether they tax, borrow, or print the dollars to buy that gold, those who aren't selling gold would end up poorer. Soviet gold would surely find its way to the U.S. Treasury at such premium prices (since the Soviet Union needs dollars to cover its chronic trade deficit), leaving the USSR with more dollar claims against our products and resources, and leaving U.S. citizens with that much less. There is no such thing as free gold.

Malign Neglect

The case for a U.S. gold standard is sometimes confused with the case for an international gold standard. That confusion is illustrated by fans of the U.S. "double standard" that existed from 1934 to 1971, in which foreign central banks could redeem dollars for gold, but U.S. citizens couldn't even own the stuff. A genuine international gold standard would instead require that major nations subordinate their national autonomy to the interests of a larger system; it would also require enormous gold reserves. Unfortunately, both gold and international cooperation are probably too rare to make it work.

Actually, a gold standard is just one particular type of monetary rule. In theory, it instructs the monetary authorities to somehow fix the price of dollars in terms of gold, with the objective of keeping the supply of dollars from growing faster than the supply of gold. Like any other monetary rule—such as fixed exchange rates, or a Friedmanite money growth rate—a gold standard is subject to malign neglect. That is why a gold standard doesn't still exist, and why shoving it back in place would not guarantee its survival.

A Wobbly Anchor

Any government that has amassed the power to impose virtually unlimited regulations, controls, and taxes is not about to be leashed by gold. Instead, we would soon see the modern equivalent of clipping or debasing the coins, periodic devaluation; and ownership of gold would again be made illegal in the name of preserving "our" hoard. Without the popular mystique that tampering with a gold standard is a national disgrace, gold becomes, as F. A. Hayek put it, "a very wobbly anchor."

It is understandable, after decades of assault on their sensibilities, that conservatives have become rather vulnerable to a variety of panaceas, including a gold standard, that would supposedly reverse the race away from economic sanity. But no mechanical gadget will do the trick without broad popular support for the policies necessary to make it work.

Fighting the daily battles against invincible absurdities is the essential first step toward creating the sort of environment in which political entrepreneurs can win by offering institutional constraints on government power. Perhaps the world will some day be ready for a genuine international gold standard. But the necessary foundation for such a world, and also the most promising area of immediate attention, lies instead in the growing support for a tight lid on taxes, spending, and regulation. □

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GRIGORENKO SPEAKS OUT

Redeeming Helsinki

M. J. SOBRAN

THE WALDORF ASTORIA'S Starlight Roof is a long way from the mental "hospitals" of the Soviet Union, and Pyotr Grigorenko cuts a strange figure under its chandeliers. He is a stocky man with a pink, egg-bald, bumpy head and a face like forty miles of bad tundra. His grin exposes a row of evenly broken-off teeth, and makes you very glad he is grinning.

I met Grigorenko's grin at a press reception before a dinner given by Ben Wattenberg's Coalition for a Democratic Majority. I had only the vaguest notion of the heroism of the man whose hand I was shaking. He spoke through an interpreter, and I didn't try to converse with him. Besides, he was in demand at the time: a New York TV crew was setting up lights and camera for an interview with him.

The purpose of the dinner—which drew about five hundred people—was to nominate the Helsinki monitors for the Nobel Peace Prize. These are the dissidents, led by Yuri Orlov (now in a labor camp), who have undertaken to report on Soviet violations of the human rights provisions of the Helsinki accords. The Soviets rightly assumed that the West would not seek to hold them to their word. They did not count on enforcement by their own victims.

In the reception din I spoke with another émigré, Valentin Turchin, a mathematician who founded the Moscow chapter of Amnesty International in 1973, was fired from his Moscow teaching post in 1974, and, unemployable, left the country last year to avoid imprisonment for "parasitism." Though not a monitor himself, he was close to Orlov, his classmate at Moscow University 25 years ago. A thin, scholarly looking man, he speaks worriedly of his old friend's life as a *zek*. The labor camp program is one of what he calls "deliberate starvation" (the meager diet excludes vitamins) and forbids relatives to send either vitamins or medicines. There is not even a decent hypocrisy about the motives: "absolutely open and cynical physical destruction." The regimen regularly causes ulcers, rheumatism, and hemorrhoids. Many prisoners suffer from all three, and Turchin says it is a miracle if anyone escapes them all. Kidney and heart disease are also common. Orlov has begun a hunger strike because the authorities have seized several physics papers he was able to write after his 48 weekly hours of manual labor.

AT THE DINNER itself there were several speakers: Wattenberg, Henry Jackson, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Turchin, Grigorenko, and others. Many of them were openly scornful of the Carter Administration. Jackson spoke of the "double standard" of its human rights campaign, which harasses "petty dictatorships and transitory strongmen" while ignoring "the bully on the block." Martin Ward and Bayard Rustin reminded the large glittering audience how staunchly the AFL-CIO has refused to break bread with Soviet "unionists"—a fact worth pondering, as so much of the business world leaps at deals with the Soviets. After a typically waggish beginning, Moynihan spoke thoughtfully, movingly on the *concreteness* of the dissidents' pleas—the names, the places, the bitter and heartbreaking details—in contrast to the Orwellian Soviet cant of abstract "classes," "peoples," and "elements."

But it was Grigorenko who owned the evening. It was not so much his speech as his presence. In his introduction, Joshua Muravchik recalled the facts that make his courage so astounding. Grigorenko was a man of enormous prestige in the Soviet Union; no quixotic intellectual, but a general in the Red Army. He first spoke out against Soviet persecutions of minorities in 1961—*at a Communist Party meeting*. This at a time when no dissident movement existed, much less a supportive Western press. He was stripped of his rank, expelled from Army and Party, and sent to a mental hospital, where for three years massive drug injections were used to cure him of "reformism." Incurable, he loudly assailed the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia—and was returned to the psychiatric ward for five years. Because of his enormous popularity, Orlov invited him in 1976 to join the Helsinki monitors. By now the world was watching, and all the state dared to do was to strip him of his Soviet citizenship and expel him. He arrived here earlier this year. It takes a staggering faith that every good act matters to speak up as he did in the last decade, when the only reward in sight was torture. "In the darkest place of all we saw the light," said Moynihan. He was speaking of Solzhenitsyn. The words apply even better to Grigorenko.

Grigorenko's speech, delivered in Ukrainian through a translator, called the West's Helsinki concessions "beyond belief": allowing "an openly aggressive power to station its troops in the center of your territory [he evidently does not consider the captive nations Soviet property], waiting for an opportune moment to strike," in return for "empty promises" concerning human rights. "For us in the USSR the situation was totally hopeless until one person"—Orlov—"discovered a way to save the situation." Namely "to monitor those agreements which nobody in the West could monitor. . . . In this manner we wanted to transform closed Soviet society into an open one, thus limiting the possibility of war."

And here is hope. Grigorenko's courage, in the darkest place of all, has already paid off exponentially. The most brutal empire on earth is afraid of these men: those who rule by terror are revealed as living in terror. Treating all their subjects as presumptive enemies, they have made hundreds of millions of potential enemies—with eloquent voices now rallying them. What a price the Helsinki monitors have paid. And how little it would cost the West to help them. A Nobel Prize would be a meager down-payment on freedom's debt to them. They honor us by appealing to us. But as long as we fail to respond, they shame us as well as their oppressors. □

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OPERATION FORGE

Watch on the Ruhr

RICHARD BROOKHISER

SOMETIME IN THE early Seventies, the most powerful peacetime alliance in history discovered that it might lose that distinction. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, covering a front from Finnmark to Armenia, found itself facing the results of a decade-long build-up by the Warsaw Pact.

The Pact has always been strong in certain areas. Tanks and infantry are traditional favorites of Soviet military strategists, and the Soviets' strength in these categories has grown steadily. Since 1973, their tank inventories have increased by 40 per cent, while 100,000 more soldiers have been stationed in Central Europe alone.

To counter this mass, NATO has relied on flexibility and sophistication—better weapons, stronger sea- and airpower. Yet in many of these areas as well, the Soviets have been catching up. The Soviet Navy, under Admiral Sergei Gorshkov, has grown from a coastal defense fleet to a global force capable of harassing NATO's flanks. The Soviet arsenal of theater nuclear weapons has become equally robust; the SS-20, a mobile, multi-warhead rocket, began development this year and will cover targets throughout Western Europe, including the British Isles.

The Quality Gap

Perhaps most troubling for commanders on the spot, however, is the new strength of the Soviet air force. "As recently as four years ago," General Alexander Haig told an interviewer last May, Soviet air power "was limited essentially to a defensive role over Warsaw Pact territory"; and NATO's air superiority was considered a crucial element in its counter-punch. After a quick clearing of the skies, NATO planes would help roll back the Soviet ground assault. But both tasks have now become more difficult: 70 per cent of the Pact's fighters are new, third-generation planes, while Soviet anti-aircraft weapons—first tested during the Christmas bombings of North Vietnam in 1972, and again, even more formidably, in the Mideast in 1973—show increasing competence in the kind of "smart" technology once thought to be an American monopoly.

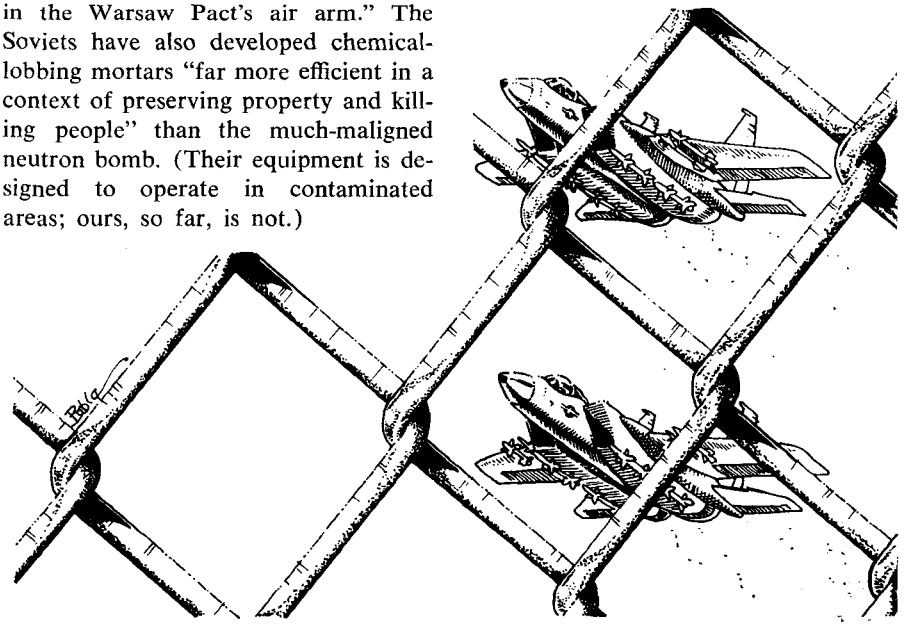
NATO has not ignored these developments; perhaps the most visible sign of its concern is the autumn Forge exercise, a fusing of some thirty previously separate maneuvers. This year's Forge yielded the following impressions.

Casteau, Belgium. General Haig opened Forge with a press conference at Supreme Headquarters, running over the points which have been the staples of his interviews and articles since he became Supreme Allied Commander in Europe in 1974. The Pact's build-up, he said several times, is not simply a matter of numbers. "Historically, we've relied on qualitative superiority to offset quantitative inferiority." But the quality gap is narrowing. The last 15 years have seen a "revolutionary change in the Warsaw Pact's air arm." The Soviets have also developed chemical-lobbing mortars "far more efficient in a context of preserving property and killing people" than the much-maligned neutron bomb. (Their equipment is designed to operate in contaminated areas; ours, so far, is not.)

NATO's response, during Haig's tenure, has been to make better use of the resources at hand. Certain supplies have been standardized (mostly food and fuels), and the reinforcement process has been speeded up. Haig instituted the autumn Forge exercises as test laboratories for these changes. "We are here not to show how good we are, but to show how good we must become." The tests are paying off—since the first exercises, the U.S. has doubled the number of brigades that can be sent to Europe in the first thirty days of a war. It hopes soon to double the number of division structures arriving in two weeks, and to triple the number of aircraft arriving in one.

The face-lift has been a relatively low-cost operation, assuming that major funding "would not be available." But Haig ended on a cautionary note: if the Allies fail to follow through on the 3 per cent spending increases proposed at this June's Washington summit, their deterrent will run out "in the early Eighties."

Soesterberg, Netherlands. Eighteen F-15s, America's newest fighters, landed at this Dutch base, two to be stationed here permanently, the rest on temporary loan from the First Tactical Fighter Wing at Langley, Virginia until their replacements arrive. The first F-15s in Europe were assigned to the 36th Tactical Fighter Wing in Bitburg, Germany in 1977; the new ones are the first to be stationed in NATO's northern sector.



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The F-15 is touted as simply the best fighter in the world. It climbs, turns, and accelerates faster than any other fighter; the only thing the MiG-25 can do better, one of the brass at Soesterberg cracked, is run away. The F-15 also carries some of the most sensitive machinery on wings. In the old days, pilots had to see what they were shooting at. Bad weather, bad shooting. Radar allowed them to pick up invisible targets—so long as they were flying over the horizon. Heat-sensitive scanners were then designed to dip under the horizon as well, picking out enemies from the clutter of ground interference by their warmth. But what if there were two heat sources, one a plane, one some stationary object? The F-15 has the ultimate refinement, a system based on the Doppler effect, which tells the moving from the still.

Not Far from the Front

NATO's pilots will need all the eyes they can get, since the ground is likely to be blinded. NATO's primary early warning network consists of 84 ground sites, fixed on inconspicuous things like hill-tops. There is no working long-range radar in Iceland. The United States is planning to build 34 E3A warning and control aircraft, which will be able to survey 250,000 square miles of air battle. But the system will not be ready for several years.

To the accompaniment of a reedy Dutch band, the F-15s dropped in—grey, delicate-looking, with long, slightly downcast noses. Each plane has its own shelter, camouflaged with specially discolored paint. "We're not far from the front," a sergeant explained. "Of course, London isn't far from the front." The shelters can take a direct hit from a 750-pound bomb. "It'd rattle the dust off the lights."

OP Alpha, West Germany. Observation Post Alpha stands seventy miles northeast of Frankfurt, and three feet from East Germany. The 11th Armored Cavalry (U.S.) maintains four such posts along a 385-kilometer stretch of the border. The region, a hilly corridor between the Harz mountains to the north and the Erzgebirge to the southeast, is known as the Fulda Gap; if the Warsaw Pact ever invaded West Germany, it would most likely strike across the North German plain through Hamburg, or—here. Alpha is not designed to resist. In the face of an attack, the troops in the observation posts would herd civilians to safety, then join the fight elsewhere. In the meantime, they watch the fence.

The Fence

Today's fence is not the barbed wire tangle put up in 1949 after one and a half million East Germans fled West in a single year. The East German government is spending an estimated one million marks per kilometer to bring it up to date, and they are getting their money's worth. Each post of the new fence supports a small mine. There are three lines of trip wire, strung at different heights, and the mines alternate from post to post in an orderly pattern—top, middle, bottom. Each mine packs a quarter-pound of TNT, and a half-pound of shot. They kill at five meters, and maim at ten. Alighting birds have triggered them, and the East German guards shoot stray animals to prevent them from doing the same. Should the mines malfunction, the meshes of the fence are sharpened, to slice fingers. Directly behind the fence is a cement-lined tractor trap, five feet deep. Five hundred meters back is a second fence, with alarms and sensors instead of mines.

All this industry has paid off. In 1976, the 11th Cavalry recorded only 26 successful escapes in its sector. In 1977, the number dropped to 16. So far this year, there were 17—a spurt due to the fence's anticipated completion. Failures are more common. On Christmas Eve, 1975, two men tested the new mines outside Alpha. One got blasted halfway up the fence, where he hung for two hours before dying. His partner was arrested.

Ramstein, West Germany. "We shall have to fight the air war increasingly over our own territory," said Air Vice Marshal Kenneth Kingshott (UK) in a briefing at Allied Air Forces Central Europe headquarters here. Officers from Canada, Belgium, Holland, the United States, and West Germany agreed. NATO is happy with the quality of its equipment, Kingshott went on, though airborne warning systems would help: "I really can't emphasize that too much."

At the same time, NATO must not let the ground war spill too deeply into its own territory. NATO's front is long and shallow, and there would be "no opportunity to trade ground for time. . . . It's not much good taking out enemy airfields if we find when we come back a member of the Warsaw Pact marshaling the aircraft back to the dispersal." To help the ground forces out, the United States has designed the A-10, a single purpose fighter specializing in support from the air. The A-10 is not without its detractors, however. Its cockpit is lined with an impenetrable titanium tub; but the pilot's head pokes a good distance above it. One F-4 Phantom pilot at Ramstein allowed as how he would gladly fly A-10s, so long as he had a titanium helmet.

During a baggage snarl at the Ramstein terminal, there was a second briefing, as an enlisted man addressed the drug problem among American soldiers. "Are you a reporter? Then tell them it's all exaggerated." General Haig has called the drug situation "worse by far than we would like," and even proposed that European tours of duty for young soldiers be cut from three years to 18 months; but my confidant insisted there was nothing to it, except joints of course, and here and there a little coke.

American missile silo, Kansas. Any complete round-up of NATO's prospects would include a visit here, as well as to matching sites in the Soviet Union. For obvious reasons, this was not possible. But in purely "conventional" terms, the situation is fairly simple. For 15 years, the Soviet Union has been steadily building up its forces; and only in the last few years has NATO begun to react. Belgian General Robert Close's prediction, in 1976, that a surprise attack could reach the Rhine in 48 hours now seems less likely. Some civilian war-gamers in New York have even estimated that a conventional invasion could be stopped short of the Ruhr. To accomplish this, however, NATO must overcome a massive Soviet ground advantage, increasing Soviet air power, and an absolute Soviet advantage in chemical and biological weapons. □

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Bourgeois Abortion

Sage Brush

DALE VREE

In my column of August 4, I mentioned that Daniel Bell was preparing an article for *The Public Interest* on why he remains a socialist in economics while being a conservative in culture. But since Bell, the chairman of that quarterly's Publication Committee, is currently overpublished there, he decided in the end to let *Partisan Review* have the piece, "Modernism and Capitalism" (*PR*, #2, 1978).

One of the most promising enterprises of the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C. is its Mediating Structures Project, headed by Peter L. Berger and Richard John Neuhaus. "Mediating structures" are those institutions that stand between the lonesome individual and the mighty state—institutions such as the family, church, labor union, voluntary association. The Summer 1978 *Public Interest* carries an article by a member of the Mediating Structures Project, Peter Skerry, entitled "The Class Conflict over Abortion."

Class Bias

Skerry, who is interested in strengthening the family, tells us that the attention given the "Catholic issue" in the abortion controversy has obscured the class issue. If you ever thought it was the "best people" who opposed abortion, you'll have to think again. "Abortion is part of a larger cultural conflict between certain strata of the upper middle class—the highly educated professionals, scientists, and intellectuals—and the mass of Americans who comprise the working and lower middle classes. In its rhetoric, abortion reform has reflected the upper-middle-class bias of the women's movement from which it emerged."

M. J. Sobran Jr. tried to make this case in *NR* almost three years ago ("Abortion: The Class Religion," January 23, 1976), but he just didn't have the necessary evidence (and was skewered in the Letters column because of it). Well, there is hard evidence now, and it turns out that Sobran's intuitions were on target.

Skerry cites a 1974 poll showing that approval of legal abortion generally increases as one goes up the income scale. Only 38 per cent in the $3,000–$4,999 income bracket approved legal abortion in the first trimester, whereas 64 per cent in the $15,000–$19,999 bracket approved. Since higher education correlates positively with high incomes, it is interesting that only 30 per cent of the grade-school-educated approved while 71 per cent of the college-educated approved.

Fascinated, I checked my monthly *Gallup Opinion Index*. There (in the April 1978 issue) I found that while only 17 per cent of manual workers favor legal abortion under all circumstances, 31 per cent of businessmen and professional people (the quintessential bourgeoisie) favor it. And, curiously, 26 per cent of Republicans (the party of the upper crust and the higher lust) are in favor, but only 18 per cent of Democrats are. It is also interesting that while 23 per cent of whites are in favor, only 14 per cent of non-whites are.

Objectors might say that, well, there are more Roman Catholics in the working class, and that explains the figures. It is significant, however, that the data in front of me show smaller differences between Protestants and Catholics than between the privileged and the commoners. Then why the class difference? Exposure to education would be a factor, but I would agree with Skerry that abortion is anti-family—and the common people are pro-family.

You see, abortion is most often resorted to not by married women but by unmarried women seeking to prevent or postpone the launching of a family. Hence abortion is anti-family in ethos and effect. Now, business and professional people are career people, and family chores and responsibilities constitute handicaps in the bourgeoisie's Great Achievement Race. Careerists do "meaningful" work—with which the satisfactions of family life allegedly cannot compare. But to the average man, who is not terribly mobile—occupationally or geographically—the family is a secure haven and refuge from a dull and cold world. It is the cockpit of suffering, but also of incomparable love and warmth. The commoner finds his meaning in his family—which is, *nota bene*, the traditional organic family, not the modern, atomistic sort. Just as the greatest resistance to permissive child-rearing, "women's lib," and unisex is found in the working class, so is the greatest resistance to abortion found there.

Abortion Barons

Brace yourself if you must, but the passion for legal abortion is thoroughly bourgeois, deriving in most instances from materialistic egotism grounded on veiled appeals to property rights. Children get in the way of fun, careers, self-fulfillment. Children are like crab grass growing in one's private garden. Ti-Grace Atkinson, for one, has justified abortion (in her *Amazon Odyssey*) on the grounds that a woman's reproductive organs are her *private property*. No crab grass in the womb, if you please. That sounds gross, of course, so the current euphemism has it that "a woman has the right to control her own body." But this is not less morally obtuse than the cigar-chomping industrialist who orders his thugs to break up the local union because, "This factory is my property and I'll pay dem bums what I damn well please."

The Supreme Court has fallen in with the robber barons and baronesses—again. The unborn child is a prisoner of caprice and can be literally broken up into pieces. The father has no say over whether the mother of their child may have an abortion, and in most cases a girl under age 18 need not have parental consent to have an abortion. How will this Republic deal with her biological royalists? Court-packing, anyone? □

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Flying to Profits

THE GREAT SUCCESS story of the American economy in the past 12 months has been written by the airlines. From a perilous financial position in the mid-Seventies, the airlines have suddenly turned it all around, emerging as national leaders in terms of industry profitability.

In its summary of corporate profits through the second quarter of this year, *Business Week* informs us that, "thanks to a surge in air travel, the nation's airlines chalked up a 91 per cent increase in earnings for the quarter. Profits rose 223 per cent at [United Airlines], 193 per cent at Pan American World Airways, and 71 per cent at Trans World Airlines. And Eastern Airlines, which recorded a deficit a year ago, reported earnings of $24 million." On a six-month basis, the figures for the industry as a whole are even more impressive—a whopping rise of 174 per cent.

The reasons for this dramatic reversal can be summed up in a single word: deregulation. For decades, the airline business has been operated as a cartel, with competitive entry blocked and competitive pricing outlawed by the Civil Aeronautics Board. The end result has been a hefty overcharge to consumers (up to twice the rates that would prevail under market conditions), suppression of demand, and a flaccid, financially ailing industry that was petitioning the government for some kind of bailout.

Of late, however, powerful pressure has built in favor of deregulation. As previously recounted in this space ("Free Flights," July 8, 1977), an anomalous but politically potent coalition developed around the issue, embracing people as diverse as Senator Edward Kennedy and Ralph Nader on the Left, and former Senator James L. Buckley and Representative Philip Crane of the American Conservative Union on the Right. In time this grouping came to include the leadership of the CAB itself, which, first under Republican John Robson, and now under Democrat Alfred Kahn, has moved aggressively in the direction of greater competition.

Because of this new attitude on the part of the CAB, the airlines in recent months have engaged in an orgy of fare-cutting that has revolutionized the economics of air travel. Tens of thousands of people who previously could not afford to fly can now do so. Load factors have increased dramatically, and total revenues have risen despite the drop in individual rates. Virtually in spite of themselves, the airlines are awash in profits. For the zillionth time in human history, competition and free markets have proved superior to top-down governmental regulation.

Now the unusual coalition that helped promote the cause of airline competition is trying to do the same for other modes of regulated transit. Senator Kennedy, the ACU, et al. have begun to build a case concerning regulation of surface transit that resembles, in most crucial points, the case that finally cracked the cartel mentality at the CAB. The specific focus of this concern and agitation is federal regulation of motor carriers—trucks—by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Trucking Cartel

In many respects, of course, the trucking industry is sharply different from the airlines; it is a low-entry-cost business, marked by extreme diversification rather than concentration. Senator Kennedy estimates there are 14,000 regulated trucking companies and 100,000 independent truckers who are not directly regulated by the ICC. Yet despite the structural differences between the industries, federal regulation has managed to produce results in the realm of trucking that are strikingly similar to those attained among the airlines.

Most obvious of the similarities is the degree to which the regulators in both industries have fought against price competition. As a matter of explicit policy, the ICC encourages collusive price-setting among trucking firms through so-called rate bureaus. This arrangement is backed by collateral measures such as complex entry requirements, use of regulatory review to block requested rate *decreases* (weakened a bit by recent legislation), monopolistic apportionment of routes, and requiring trucks to make return trips empty (up to 40 per cent of mileage for some carriers).

The effect of these procedures, according to Professor Thomas Moore of the Hoover Institution, has been to hold freight rates at 20 per cent or more above their normal market levels. Comparing regulated rates to those in areas exempt from regulations, Moore estimates that ICC directives resulted in shipping overcharges of $1.92 billion in 1968, and that an additional $1 billion in unnecessary charges resulted from limitations on so-called backhauls. In 1977 dollars, the equivalent overcharge would come to $4.63 billion.

ACU Legislation

Senator Kennedy has been holding a series of hearings on this subject, with special emphasis on the problem of collusive rate-setting. The thrust of his comments makes it clear that he thinks such practices should now be ended. The ACU and other conservatives, meantime, have been evolving a more comprehensive piece of legislation which would move truck and related transportation services toward deregulated status over a six-year period. At the end of this span, the ICC would no longer have power to restrict entry into the trucking business or to regulate rates, although it would retain aspects of its authority in other areas.

Given the influence of the trucking industry and the Teamsters' Union, both of which oppose deregulation, getting such legislation through the Congress would seem to be a nearly impossible task. As in the case of airline deregulation, it is the industry itself that objects most vehemently to the idea of competition. Yet, as the airline example shows, the proper functioning of the market can bring prosperity as well as freedom. The airlines learned that lesson despite themselves; the trucking industry could eventually do the same. □

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The Magic Photo Album

Robert Kennedy and His Times
By Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.
Houghton Mifflin, 1,066 pp., $19.95

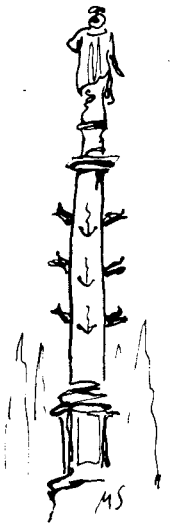
CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

1961, the year of John F. Kennedy's inauguration, "was a damned long time ago," Arthur Schlesinger remarks. It was, surely; longer even than Arthur Schlesinger knows, to judge from his latest book, in which he continues to run joyously around the outer limits of the 1960s, now as ever a man ahead of his times. But it is not as long ago as the 1930s, a decade in which Schlesinger became dangerously enmired while writing his history of the Roosevelt Administration but from which he fortunately escaped, with the last volume of his planned tetralogy unfinished. Had it not been for the Kennedys, he would still be stuck with the Roosevelts, to whom, given his years, he could have been of no greater social or political use than as another compliant baby to kiss. But Schlesinger has never been the sort to leap athwart the course of history yelling, "Stop!"; so Camelot had the benefit of the sage who invented Adlai Stevenson and the shrewd tactician who composed for President Kennedy a secret strategy for stonewalling the press in case the Bay of Pigs invasion blew up, while Schlesinger got shuttle tickets to Washington and a magic photograph album, which has been writing most of his books ever since.

Having tiny Arthur pop up at the bedside of President Roosevelt when he set the price of gold each morning would have been implausible, almost certain of detection by the historian's colleagues; while having him materialize in President Kennedy's rocker or some such place is just distracting. Well into *Robert Kennedy and His Times*—on page 131, to be precise—The Character makes his quiet entry with a casualness as artful as Hirschfeld weaving NINA into the pen-strokes of his theatrical cartoons:

> Stevenson was nominated on August 16. He now faced the conundrum of the Vice Presidency. His preferences were unclear. On July 26 he had recounted to me his discussion with Harry Truman, James A. Farley, Sam Rayburn, and other party elders . . .

—and *voilà!* we have hit our stride at last. Arthur is clever enough to know that once you get known for sticking NINAs into pictures, the clientele begins to concentrate on *them*; and, for once in his career, Schlesinger has shown a sound grasp of human frailty. So ARTHUR gets worked in everywhere: at the denouement of the Cuban Missile Crisis ("In Washington, most of us felt a sense of limitless relief"); at Johnson's address to the nation after John Kennedy's funeral ("I watched from Mrs. Johnson's box"); in Spanish Harlem during the riots of 1967 ("[The violence] was continuing two days later when I had dinner with Robert and Ethel Kennedy, Pete Hamill, and José Torres. . . . After dinner we piled into Torres' car and drove through the anxious streets of East Harlem"); in 1968, when Robert Kennedy was making up his mind whether to run for the Presidency ("When we arrived, we found him with one of his characteristic mélanges—John Glenn, Mike Nichols, Rod Steiger, George and Elizabeth Stevens, heaven knows who else"). When he is in the limelight, at least, Arthur Schlesinger is one of those people, of whom Henry James approved, "on whom nothing is lost."



SCHLESINGER began his career as a Concerned Historian (*The Age of Jackson*; the three volumes on Roosevelt he carried to term) who wrote pamphlets on the side (*The Vital Center*), but he has obviously grown tired of keeping up the fences separating history from goosegrease. His biography of Bobby Kennedy does not strain a muscle toward what the accomplished historian Basil Rauch calls "fake objectivity," and seems to regard passionate commitment as a form of personal authenticity, another historical artifact.

Perhaps it is this odd view of the historian's craft that has infected the polemicist with elephantiasis. His flattery is Rotarian, right off Main Street: he writes of Hubert Humphrey and "his implacably loyal wife, Muriel"; he cites Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s book on Judge Johnson for the perspicacity of its ruminations on Governor Wallace; he treats us to a passage of a Bobby speech delivered in South Africa (exhorting the audience not to be discouraged by "the belief that there is nothing one man or one woman can do against the enormous array of the world's ills—against misery and ignorance, injustice and violence. . . . Few will have the greatness to bend history itself; but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all these acts will be written the history

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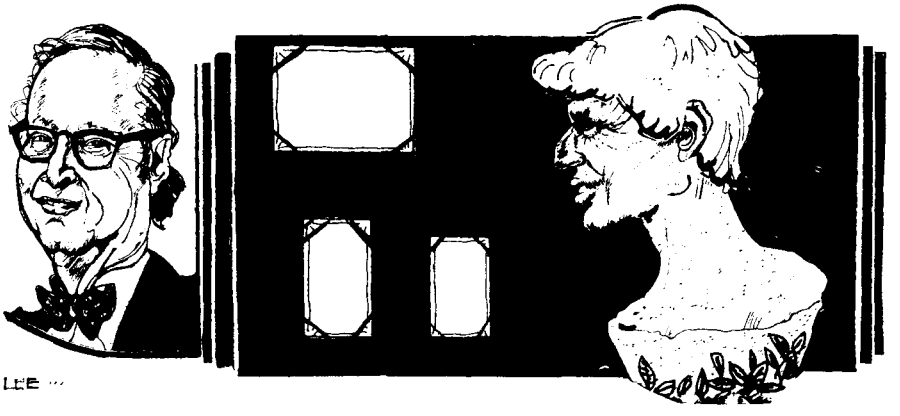
of this generation") and assures us that this is *the* most eloquent speech of Kennedy's career.

The special pleading is shameless. Schlesinger's defense of his conclusion that the Kennedys knew nothing of the CIA's attempts to assassinate Castro before the Bay of Pigs, or of the renewal of those attempts after the invasion, rests ultimately on his statement that it is "incredible" that "these two men, so filled with love of life and so conscious of the ironies of history, could thus deny all the values and purposes of their existence." He excuses Martin Luther King's philandering by reflecting that King was, "like other distinguished leaders [John F. Kennedy?], a passionate man" who believed in his fundamentalist's way in "the gospel of love." Schlesinger is not above taking even the oleaginous compliments with which public men ritualistically lard one another and offering them as evidence of his man's virtue, as when he quotes letters from "the liberal Democrats" Symington and Jackson to RFK, congratulating him on his handling of an investigation carried out by Joe McCarthy's committee ("'I was particularly impressed with the thorough, impartial, and fair way in which you handled all matters coming to your attention,'" etc.).

But the way in which he manipulates cultural symbols to achieve sleight-of-hand impressions as they serve his purposes is formidable; on one page Bobby's street-Irish sympathies are flowing over a dirty child in a hovel; on another, his "Yankee" sensibilities are offended by the crude Texas physicality of President Johnson. At one point Schlesinger remarks that "the talk that Robert Kennedy heard at the training table [at Harvard] could very well have been better than the talk he missed at the Spee Club [from which he resigned]." Politics makes for strange confessions: imagine Arthur Schlesinger admitting the cultural superiority of jocks!

With all this politicking going on, it is not surprising that the text is full of literary barbarisms ("sun-drenched afternoon," "glimmering dark"), some of them of a rather extensive nature. In the bathetic Prologue, Schlesinger portrays the passengers of the Kennedy funeral train: they "talked in somber tones, they rejoiced in a happier past, they despaired of the future, they stared out of the window." The book is on the whole less well written than the Nixon memoirs, though it is fair to add that Schlesinger didn't have Ray Price around to polish his prose.

Robert Kennedy is a hefty book, and the question remains: Why 1,066 pages on Bobby by one of the Republic's most eminent historians? Because, argues Schlesinger, "he lived through a time of unusual turbulence in American history; and he responded to that turbulence more directly and sensitively than any other political leader of the era. . . . He was the most original, enigmatic, and provocative figure in mid-century American politics." But it is to



me abundantly clear that Kennedy was remarkable neither for his talent nor for his accomplishments—whatever influence he enjoyed in the world he got from his father and brother—but for his ideal personification of the New American Politician.

Joseph P. Kennedy was that increasingly familiar figure in America: the wealthy businessman who is embarrassed by his work as much as he desires its usufructs, and who devotes his life to distancing himself both from it and from his fellow businessmen. Schlesinger says Old Joe was bored by business, and never discussed it with his family. "He had made enough," said a friend, "not to need to make any more; he saw no reason for [his children] to do what he had done." Happily for him, a new era was dawning, when, though money still accrued from business, power came from another, more glamorous source. "The boys might as well work for the government," he told his wife, "because politics will control the business of the country in the future." He gave his sons to politics partly as the merchant Pogner offered his daughter Eva as the prize of the Meistersingers' competition—further to establish himself as a patron and a man of public spirit—but also for their own good, and that of the clan.

Underneath, however, he was just another businessman, full of the narrow provinciality he scorned. This he proved by his pusillanimous support of Neville Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, which he defended with the argument that the war would wreck civilization (though when the mood was on him he was capable of arguing that "there is much in our Western civilization that does not deserve to survive") and world prosperity. The American Ambassador, observed Sir Robert Vansittart, permanent head of the Foreign Office, "thinks of nothing but his own pocket," adding, "I hope that this war will at least see the elimination of this type."

Bobby, whom the old man always said was more like him than was any of his other sons, incubated a similar scorn for his own working milieu. Unlike his father, he spent his entire life in the employ of the government, but he more and more despised it, while making it work rather well for him. Schlesinger notes that he was annoyed by the party eminences and bored by their rituals—from which you are supposed to infer what a superior fellow this Kennedy really was. "You can't get any work out of a politician," he told an interviewer, spitting out the word "politician" as if it were a foul thing and he were Edith Wharton's grandmother. When Jack Newfield asked him what he might have become had he not been

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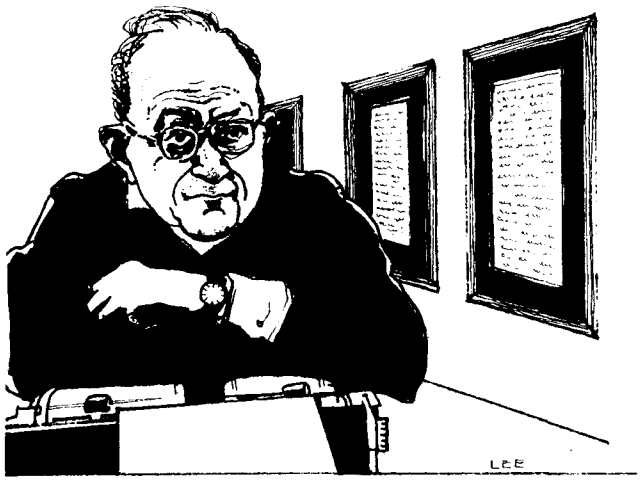
born a Kennedy, Bobby replied, "Perhaps a juvenile delinquent or a revolutionary." In the wake of King's assassination he was heckled by Negro leaders who accused him of being after all part of the Establishment. "You talk about the Establishment," he answered them. "I have to laugh. Big business is trying to defeat me because they think I am a friend of the Negro." Joe Kennedy would have seen through that one, though he would, of course, have approved its dishonesty.

Schlesinger's refrain, as he follows Bobby from adventure to adventure, is that "He learned, as usual." From Joe McCarthy's office Kennedy went to the Senate Labor subcommittee's investigation of organized crime; to running his brother's campaign; to civil rights; to the antipoverty crusade; to the antiwar movement—and Schlesinger wants you to see some kind of a moral unfolding in this odyssey. In fact, Kennedy's career demonstrates that, despite the attempts of democratic governments to stifle private charity and make the welfare class exclusively dependent upon the welfare state, wealthy people continue to operate pretty much as they always have, with the difference that nowadays they take the precaution of getting themselves elected to public office first.

The Kennedy saga brilliantly illumines the vast expansion of government through the activities of elected hobbyists, all itching to enlarge the purview of government in order to assuage their restlessness. Most of these people gravitated, like Bobby Kennedy, to the public employ for want of something to do in private life. Insofar as they have a coherent idea of civilization, it is that the most talented and energetic tenth of the population ought to be specifically trained and unflaggingly exhorted to devote its talents and energy to making the bottom fifth more comfortable. The sacrifice, after all, is not great; it requires chiefly that you purchase your champagne in six-packs instead of in bottles.



Robert Kennedy and His Times is as fascinating as it is shameless, which causes me modified sorrow. Schlesinger was once a very good historian, indeed one of the most talented in the Republic. He should have nurtured his gift against the demise of Kennedy liberalism, when politicians have no longer any use for his shrewd political counsel. But he didn't; and it is sad to see all a brilliant man's parts desert him together. □

In Search of History
By Theodore H. White
Harper & Row, 476 pp., $12.95

HERO WORSHIP

MITCHELL S. ROSS

Not least among the gifts of Theodore H. White has been his timing. After Henry Luce forced him to leave Time, Inc. in 1945, he wrote his book about China (*Thunder Out of China*), which quickly ascended the best-seller lists. When his money started to run low after four years of freelancing from Europe in the late Forties and early Fifties, he gambled a year on another book, *Fire in the Ashes*, about postwar Europe, and saw it, too, climb to the top of the lists. His first try at writing about the Making of a President was in 1956, for *Collier's* magazine; the abortion of the project by that magazine's demise was in its way a stroke of luck, too. Because of it, the actual debut of *The Making of the President* followed instead the more interesting campaign of 1960 and was a much more spectacular success (best-seller for exactly one year) than it would have been in 1956. And now, when a gaggle of reporters have adopted their own variations on White's theme and have crowded the field, White himself has withdrawn and written his memoirs of the first part (until 1963) of a remarkable journalistic career.

This, too, is probably just as well. The 1976 election had less poetry in it than any election White ever wrote about; he is an inveterate sprinkler of stardust over scenes where a little salt and pepper would do, and Ford and Carter might have led him to embarrass himself terribly. White's greatest defect as a political chronicler is a wide-eyed stare where there ought to be laughter. Irony is not White's strong suit, either, and the 1976 election was quintessentially ironic: Carter's effort was in its way as magnificent as anything ever undertaken in presidential politics, and yet the man Carter was so endowed that he rendered it, finally, a dull affair; and what could be said of Ford's effort to retain office by appearing "presidential" that would do justice to the performance? It was as if someone pushed forward a pile of stones, and announced that he had moved the Matterhorn. Far better, under such circumstances, to have the businesslike report of Jules Witcover's *Marathon* than to watch the mist start to form in White's eyes.

BUT THE VALUE of *In Search of History* is by no means essentially negative. For one thing, it is an important document in the recent history of hero-worship—a sort of hero-worship that is fast going out of style. I speak of the worship of national leaders, a reverence for the moving-and-shaking spirit, a profound respect for the man of action. It is unlikely that such hero-worship is dead forever, but when it reappears it will no doubt assume some altered form. For the moment, Americans have become politically valetudinarian, and have generally adopted far more interest in celebrity than in heroism. And the romantics like White and his New York neighbor, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., are inclined to ascribe much of this development to the deaths of the heroes—not

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OF THE OCTOBER CROP: Everett Carll Ladd Jr.'s *Where Have All the Voters Gone? The Fracturing of America's Political Parties* (Norton, $7.95) is an expanded version of three articles printed in *Fortune*, in which the author discusses the reasons for the deliquescence, as he sees it, of the American party system. . . . In *Democracy and the Novel: Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers* (Oxford, $13.95), Henry Nash Smith argues that serious writers in America have always had to contend with the barrier of masscult, and that, of all the novelists of the nineteenth century, only Henry James wrote precisely the books he wanted to write. . . . David Max Eichhorn states, in *Evangelizing the American Jew* (Jonathan David, $12.50), that Christians believe that only mass conversion of the Jews can vindicate the Pauline doctrine of Christ's divinity. He also claims that, in Canada and the U.S., more Christians have converted to Judaism than Jews to Christianity. . . . Robert Folkenflik, author of *Samuel Johnson, Biographer* (Cornell, $12.50), believes not only that Johnson's biographical writings—*The Lives of the Poets*, his studies of Swift, Pope, Milton, Richard Savage—are among his best, but that Johnson deserves to be regarded as the greatest of English biographers. . . . Leni Riefenstahl's *Coral Gardens* (Harper, $29.95) is a volume of underwater shots by a woman who, in her seventies, took up skin-diving. . . . *Politics and History: Selected Essays by Raymond Aron* (Free Press, $14.95) is a collection of pieces in which the French critic attempts to define the relationship between present politics and past politics, a/k/a history.

■ SOME NOVEMBER TITLES: *I, Etcetera* (Farrar, $8.95) is a collection of short stories by Susan Sontag, a brilliant essayist whose fiction is as impenetrable as computer technology to the lay mind. . . . John Senior's *The Death of Christian Culture* (Arlington, $10) is an attack on people who consider themselves too educated to be Christian. . . . William H. Nolte, author of an excellent critical study of H. L. Mencken, is publishing *Rock and Hawk: Robinson Jeffers and the Romantic Agony* (University of Georgia, $14). . . . In the opinion of Nicholas Von Hoffman, an American President is less a demigod than a eunuch, but a eunuch whose libido remains intact though his potency has been stolen. His book is *Make-Believe Presidents: Illusions of Power, From McKinley to Carter* (Pantheon, $8.95).

only the Roosevelts and Churchills, but more recent names like Kennedy and King.

If there is one idea with which White can be identified, it is the very old concept that history is made by great men. The idea has a basic charm, and, moreover, books written on this premise tend to make better reading than books which regard history as little more than a compendium of impersonal forces. This accounts partially for White's success, and yet it only answers the question of how people prefer to believe history is made, rather than the more important question of how history is really made. That is a question for philosophers, and better waved at than engaged here; but White is a reporter who occasionally (and unsuccessfully) tries to be a little more.

He began writing in an era when political reporting was more art and adventure than it has since become. In *The Making of the President 1960* he was careful to note the changes in the country—such as television and the shifts of population—which were gradually reshaping American politics, but his main story was still the personalities of the candidates. By 1976, a campaign conducted ostensibly as a contest about character rather than issues was actually more a rivalry between competitive technologies. If Carter's polls revealed that people were mad at Washington, he would run as the anti-Washington candidate; if Ford saw that this was working, well, then, he would run as an anti-Washington man, too! If the latest economic figures showed that inflation had temporarily become a worse problem than unemployment, then inflation was suddenly elevated to first place on the rhetorical hit lists. Without bosses to guide them and assure them of their votes, politicians have become dependent on statisticians and pollsters to show them the way.

The rise of polls and the decline of bosses is but another example of the retreat of personality from politics, and this is what makes it more difficult for men like White to write honestly about their times and make it interesting. And this, too, is why it was perhaps a good time for White to withdraw from the scene and attempt this memoir. *In Search of History* is least good when it is chasing the grand abstractions of "history" and best when arranged as a portrait gallery. Whether the twenty-first century will pay attention to the word-pictures White has drawn is not at issue right now; it is enough to assert that he can capture an individual in two thousand words as well as any American journalist around. A fair procession of magnificos has passed through his life, and all of them from Chou En-lai to John Kennedy are here.

It is almost as a bonus that White portrays himself: the poor Jewish boy from Boston working hard to survive Boston Latin School, hawking newspapers in the streets, moving on to Harvard and then into the great world. He admits his faults, emerges as a fairly lovable character, and records some of the details of a very interesting life. His book resembles Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* of half a century ago, but unlike that book this one is not precocious, which means there is more remembered. White's prose trundles along when he tries to tie history's loose ends together, often by means of metaphors which are sometimes good but sometimes awful. When he rises to face the great personalities of the day, however, he is something like a Dreiser of political journalism: hungry for details, getting the story down but continuing to wonder about the meaning of it all; and managing somehow to achieve surprisingly poignant effects from material which in other hands would start us snickering. □

Blindness
By Henry Green
Viking, 207 pp., $8.95

FIRST FICTION

D. KEITH MANO

Henry Green is, need I say, a household name. In someone else's household: Mrs. Green's chiefly. I may be assuming too much: I have an almost encyclopedic ignorance; I pronounced Goethe, *Goh-thee*, until 1976. But a hangnail sketch will follow for your benefit. Green wrote *Blindness* at Eton and Oxford. It was published in 1926, when

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he was 21. Of Green, Auden would say, "The finest living novelist." Eudora Welty: ". . . the most interesting and vital imagination in English fiction in our time." Rebecca West: "The best writer of his time." And John Updike would opine that—if such things are feasible—Henry Green had taught him how to write. Clanks on the fake crystal of your mind now, doesn't it? Oh, *that* Henry Green.

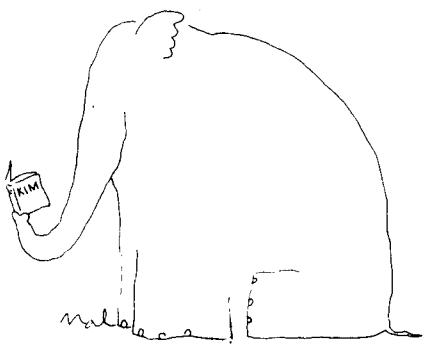
I shouldn't have told it. I, myself, am a stripper of books. Introduction, jacket bosh, bio: I have never looked at them before a reading. I knew hollandaise sauce about Green when I began *Blindness*. Sure, the now-authenticity of his post-World War I manor house furniture—human and inanimate—gave Green's vintage away. But not much more than that. Someday I'll use the Heimlich maneuver on my memory, barf past knowledge up, and treat Bellow, Updike, Shakespeare as unheard-of tenderfeet. All writing should be stabbed at so—the rest is literary criticism. Because all novels—all novels of risk and power—are written that way: new: new again: a man's first fiction.

And now I have to trade honestly with you: to remember what I felt before I knew. Guess at it anyway. Well: a prose style so lambent and reliable that words did appear to drop, deciduous, in their given time and color. The voice-fusing: *Blindness* is overheard, precise colloquy: unlabeled yet separate: so many first-persons in turn. There was a sure, amusing description —all with well-brought-up kindness underneath—of village/manor and mistress/servant interchange. But what caught me off-center was the distance. After all, we're having to do with a young toff accidentally, savagely blinded. Green glances away from him—not out of aversion, rather because overt interest would be ungallant: three chickens scratching in some village yard are accorded more diligent inspection. Indeed objects (often "he" or "she") bear the metaphorical caseload: the writer's customary enterprise. It is not understated. "State" is too active a word: underspoken. Extraordinary choice here: blindness will appall because chickens, trees, clouds are just . . . there. As one fingerstroke in a certain nerve hiding-place can astonish the body with more sensual impress than lip-eaten rut.

Then there is Joan. At novel's pit—I try that phrase for its suggestion both of axial midpoint and kinetic growth—an impossible love affair will be cut out: the way Etienne de Silhouette cut out his quick and surprisingly subtle portrait outlines. Crude, wise village girl. Blind, sensitive young master. Green makes of her a compost: over-ripe, rich things packed down: a splendid humus. Their simple cross-fertilization is necessary: they handle it in just that pragmatic manner and are joyful when the business is done. John because he will leave for London; Joan because her rustic, sordid, and understandable life will reorder itself again. A spare, cryptic—profound?—quality marks this passage: it is successful, but, to be frank, I can't tell you why. It shouldn't succeed. *Blindness* has three parts: Caterpillar, Chrysalis, Butterfly: they are the Chrysalis stage: obvious. Too obvious? But would I—on receipt of this book in manuscript from, oh, you—have written "promising" or "sketchy"? Would I have written, "W. H. Auden will admire you some day"? I don't know.

Then knowledge had a debauch. Heavy lit-crit perceptions about blindness, its emblematic value for Green, knocked me up. See, John's sightlessness would symbolize the end of color-vivid, gardenful English country life. A blind person can survive usefully in machine-convenient and garrulous London: quick eyes for the rising pheasant no longer confirm manhood. And blindness alludes to a new era of abstraction in art. The eye (then, at least) had been despot long enough. It made men, out of habit, realists. The joyous "deeper blindness" that John will feel is, in fact, a broader, more fertile sensuality.

Not half bad: as interpretations go. Must confess it never jaywalked across my parietal lobe until I knew that Henry Green was *Henry Green*. But could a young Etonian have meant



. . . ? Hardly, I think. Though what art might mean, despite the intentions of its creator, is a question that must vex even God (*videlicet* Eden). Green wrote eight other novels: we should read them. There followed more than two decades of fictional silence, until his death in 1973. Bitterness? Despair? It could frighten any novelist. Green had respect and to spare from his literary peers. But, as I judge *Blindness*, there couldn't've been more than ten or twelve of those. □

ART

The Other Half
By Kenneth Clark
Harper & Row, 259 pp., $12.95

CIVILIZATION

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Notwithstanding an unnecessarily self-deprecatory introduction, *The Other Half*, the second volume of Kenneth Clark's autobiography, provides a great deal more than an exceptionally entertaining literary encounter. In the manner which became familiar through his phenomenal television triumph, *Civilization*, Clark marries substance with style, links wit to criticism, and demonstrates yet again his extraordinary ability to convey complex conceptions to a diverse and random audience with clarity and concision. But, as in the first volume, *Another Part of the Wood*, the complexities derive from his apparent determination—for the most part successful—to detail a life without revealing more than the merest minimum of the man who has lived it.

Not surprisingly for an art historian, Lord Clark has subtitled the book, "a self-portrait"; to the careful reader, it is anything but. Here, as before, he has told the story of his public life; his private life is still his own. And in an era that is characterized by compulsive confessions for financial advantage, Kenneth Clark's reticence, his discrimination between what is important for the reader to know and what is not, adds immeasurably to the pleasures of this book.

The life he has made overflows with achievement, drama, travel, and a large

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and varied collection of friends who are themselves both interesting and famous. In *The Other Half*, he relates the later chapters of that life in a tone at times wry, at times acerbic, occasionally cynical, but always informed and almost always fair. Indeed, in this second volume, he seems at pains to correct problems with the first; for example, some critics of both art and literature found his treatment of Bernard Berenson in *Another Part of the Wood* to be disappointingly inadequate.

Speaking in this later book of a visit he paid Berenson in 1939, Clark remarks candidly, "In that last pre-war visit I began to feel that affection for him which, with a little more humility, I might have felt ten years earlier." He then goes on to retouch his word portrait of Berenson, filling in details of shading and nuance until Berenson emerges just as Clark saw him. He is uniquely observed, shrewdly but affectionately judged, and, finally, placed properly in the cultural and intellectual history of his time. And all this in a handful of pages. Thousands of lines have been written on Berenson—by himself, his admirers, and his detractors—but none perhaps evokes the essence of his personality so sharply as this statement by Clark: "The fact is he loved life. When he was very old, almost ninety, he said, 'I would willingly stand at street corners, hat in hand, asking passersby to drop their unused minutes in it.' "

THE BOOK teems with this sort of telling detail about a vast array of formidable figures who had nothing in common except that they were friends or associates of Kenneth Clark. In almost every case, from Vivien Leigh to the infamously ambitious Lord Reith, to cite but two, Clark manages to provide an anecdote or an observation that is singularly revealing, instructive, or, often, simply surprising.

Just as important to the richness of texture of these memoirs are Clark's canny comments on public policy. These are inserted casually while chronicling the advancing stages of his career, from Director of the National Gallery to his last public administrative position, founding chairman of the Independent Television Authority, through which commercial television was introduced into Britain. Speaking of state patronage of the arts, for example, he professes to find it a "baffling problem." Then, easily, almost ingenuously, he goes on to solve it by suggestion, praising the idea of certain subsidies for certain branches of the arts and then adding, "But when one passes from the executant to the creator I doubt very much there is anything the state can do." In a long chapter entitled "Traveling," Lord Clark fixes his critic's eye amusingly and provocatively on various national characteristics. Surveying the Indians, he decides, "They are like the Russian intellectuals of the 1870s. Even on the lowest level [they] are dangerously unrealistic."

The Other Half concludes with a chapter on Lord Clark's extensive experience as a television performer in the many series he has made, some with his son Colin as producer. That is the book's formal conclusion. It has offered an exhilarating and enlightening saunter through the postwar decades in the company of a learned, witty, charming, and considerate companion. Recalling it, one reflects that it is no accident that his name should be inextricably associated with the title, *Civilization*.

In the final pages of *The Other Half* Lord Clark briefly allows the wall separating his public from his private life to be breached as he describes, with anguished tenderness, the devastating last illness of his wife, Jane, "a vigil which lasted for almost three years." Wisely, given its elegiac tone, he has set this chapter off from the rest of the book, as an epilogue.

Even though Clark intended *Another Part of the Wood* to stand alone as a discrete "work of art," and may have regarded *The Other Half* as a series of extended footnotes, the two volumes are in fact complementary. Each enhances and informs the other, and, taken together, both enhance our appreciation of a man of rare talent and industry.

For most men, the adventures, experiences, encounters, and accomplishments Lord Clark relates here would have been enough for several lifetimes. By the time one has read through this irresistible account of them, however, it seems altogether characteristic that his closing words should be: "It now remains for me to see what I do with my life." □

Mrs. Bryant is a freelance literary critic who lives in Massachusetts.

PEI'S PRIDE

RUTH BERENSON

With the opening of the National Gallery of Art's new East Wing, Washington finally has acquired an outstanding example of modern architecture, a building that is at once a work of art in itself and a fitting showcase for the twentieth century painting and sculpture that it houses. In its combination of bold mass and soaring space, its understated luxury, and the refined craftsmanship which marks every detail of its execution, it is an impressive statement. For other new museums still on the drawing boards, it will be a hard act to follow.

The architect, I. M. Pei—Chinese-born, American-trained—was faced with formidable obstacles in this commission. Not the least of these was the National Gallery's original building, whose form—a columned Roman temple centered on a shallow dome—was chosen by its donor, Andrew Mellon. When it opened its doors in 1941, it was described as "the largest marble building in the world" (which for all I know it remains) and was greeted with considerable abuse, for it represented a missed opportunity to introduce contemporary architecture into stuffy, conservative Washington. But the passing years have dealt more gently with it than with many of the so-called functional buildings that in those days were applauded by the avant-garde, and now it is affectionately recognized as being not only handsome, but also beautifully adapted to the display of its growing assemblage of old masters, which now rivals those of many more venerable institutions. That the original National Gallery would eventually have to expand into the trapezoidal plot adjacent to it was foreseen from the beginning, but it was generally agreed that it would be nearly

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impossible to design a modern building which would not swear at the old; the awkward shape of the available land complicated things even more.

Wisely, except for making the new building the same height as the old one and clothing it in the same pink Tennessee marble, Mr. Pei has not tried to accommodate his building to the original. Instead, he has separated new from old with a wide, fountained plaza, underneath which there is a self-service restaurant that can be reached, via a tunnel and a moving walkway (oh, what a joy to the tired sightseer!), from either building.

CONFRONTED with that trapezoid, Mr. Pei opted for Euclid; he simply divided it into two triangles, the larger for the new museum, the smaller for a research center for the visual arts (to be finished next year), complete with auditorium, library, and staff offices. While the office wing has a grid of windows facing the Capitol, the new museum's exterior is nearly windowless, a composition of solids, voids, and angles whose appearance, like a piece of outdoor abstract sculpture, changes with the weather and time of day.

The massive exterior contrasts dramatically with the soaring skylit space which greets the visitor, whether he enters from the street or the tunnel. This eighty-foot-high triangle is roofed with tetrahedron-shaped panes of glass and a sun-screen through which passing clouds cast shifting shadows on the floor. From its apex hangs an enormous mobile by Alexander Calder, his last work; to ensure its constant motion, the artist had it cast in aluminum rather than steel. Other pieces of monumental sculpture by Anthony Caro and Isamu Noguchi, plus a splendid red, black, and blue tapestry by Joan Miró adorn the courtyard walls; all these works were specifically commissioned for their places.

The exhibition galleries are on three levels, connected by ramps (for the physically handicapped), stairs, and escalators (there are also elevators, but these are out of sight) that Pei uses decoratively to break up the huge courtyard space and lend it a sculptural quality akin to, yet different from, that of the exterior. Looking down from the topmost level (where a whole gallery has been specifically designed for an exhibition of brilliant cut-paper collages by Matisse), one is reminded of the old Fritz Lang movie *Metropolis*, an expressionist vision of the city of the future, with skyscrapers connected by bridges, aerial roadways, ramps, tunnels. But while Lang's city projected the quality of a nightmare, Pei's space is full of gaiety, enlivened by trees, plants, and the strolling people who animate the building without crowding it.

Unlike Paris' new modern museum, the Beaubourg—a triumph of the machine aesthetic which looks like a Fernand Léger in three dimensions—the National Gallery's East Wing is hospitable to art. Many of the galleries, especially those devoted to sculpture, are naturally lit, a boon to their contents, and all are carpeted, a boon to one's feet.

More problematical are the paintings and sculptures themselves, which at the moment consist largely of loans and promised gifts. It seems likely, however, that the new wing will prove as much of a lodestone to collectors of contemporary art as the original National Gallery has to collectors of older works; to know that one's treasures will belong to the nation is obviously a powerful incentive to those seeking something more than a tax deduction when planning their gifts. The Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art will have to step lively if they hope to keep ahead. □

TELEVISION

AND WE'RE OFF!

M. J. SOBRAN

ABC began its new season by rebroadcasting *Roots*, which led Johnny Carson to quip that the network was "giving the viewers what they want: guilt." It was really giving them a form of moral complacency. Few whites can feel soul-struck at the sight of antebellum crackers wielding whips and chains: most of our racial sins are nonviolent. Besides, *Roots*' whites are just too gauche; we feel we are watching Archie Bunker's ancestors, not ours.

For blacks, *Roots* offers moral nostalgia. It recalls a golden age of righteousness, when honkies were overtly nasty and oppression hadn't had time to generate well-nigh ineradicable characterological problems. And how superficial it seems now: perhaps it's a mistake to judge television by anything but first impressions. Kunta Kinte seems about as African as Tonto.

ABC'S MEGASHOW, *Battlestar Galactica*, was clearly cloned from *Star Wars*. (The clonee, Twentieth Century Fox, is suing.) It has the form of a serial, set who knows how many millennia ahead, with Lorne Greene, an unfuturistic presence if ever there was one, commanding the earthling crew. Actually none of them has ever seen Earth; they are combing the universe for it; but they are genetically earthling. Things seem not to have changed much: the second show concerned itself with whether women can competently pilot a space ship, a matter the script crew evidently expects to remain unsettled for eons; and there are also distinctly black crew persons, which suggests that there will be little racial strife but also little intermarriage.

The most anachronistic detail in all such spectacles—heretofore unremarked, I believe—is that there is no trace of a past. This future is all gleams and bleeps and flashing lights, with no cigarette butts on the floors, nothing like Stonehenge to suggest that anything had existed *before*. It is synthesized, not imagined; and it is dull, as false to any possible future as *Roots* is to real history. Where there is no weight of probability, there can be no surprises —only gimmicks.

Still, the gimmicks are extraordinary, thanks to *Star Wars* special effects ace John Dykstra. So what if the script makes your average soap opera sound Dostoyevskian? What fun to watch those sweeps and rays and bursts of color in the phony firmament! It's enough to induce even the surliest critic to contrive to pass through the room while the kids are watching. And Greene has one of the more sonorous bassos in the universe. It would be nice to hear him sing a duet with Darth Vader.

MARY TYLER MOORE is back, in *Mary*, consisting mostly of off-beat skits by a comedic repertory group. It is very witty, but not very funny. As with Dick

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Cavett, you can admire without really enjoying.

The first show offered the members of the new cast auditioning for their jobs; the Ed Asner Dancers; a salute to the show's first 25 minutes; Mary singing; a skit about Mary with a boorish date; another with Mary as a recording artist who turns out, shaggy-dog style, to be recording a recorded message ("At the tone, the time will be . . ."). All very cute. Much too. The second show was more of the same—skits that went too far without going anywhere.

The trouble is the format. In television the inspiration has to occur in the whole conception of a show, or no amount of good writing and acting and directing can redeem it. *Mary*'s format can't accommodate anything but a few disjointed clevernesses. It has probably delivered all it is ever going to. But Mary deserves a few more chances—for old time's sake.

ALSO CUTE IS another MTM production, *WKRP in Cincinnati*, a sit-com about a radio station that changes formats from Muzak to rock. The cast seems to be borrowed from *Soap*: a bunch of frenetic eccentrics, terribly zany from the word Go. The trouble with that kind of zaniness is that it needs foils: a Mary-figure or a Bob Newhart-figure whose encounters with it show sanity slightly at bay. There is nobody normal at WKRP, hence no moments of repose between the antics, and therefore no drama—just one clever gag after another, not witless, but relentless. It's a little like spending a week watching Henny Youngman. But catch Howard Hesseman as the disc jockey. Please.

ACTING SURPRISE of the season: Billy Martin, as a warm, sympathetic, ingratiating baseball manager named Billy Martin. This in a biography of baseball star Ron LeFlore called *One in a Million*. Martin/Martin came across as a manager nobody could ever bear to fire. Watch for this man at Emmy time. (If you watch for Emmy time.)

The film wasn't half bad. A ghetto version of *Fear Strikes Out* (whaddaya mean you don't remember *Fear Strikes Out*?), only this time, instead of the booby hatch, it was the slammer. LeFlore did time for armed robbery before the Tigers picked him up and he not only reformed but blossomed into a superb player and a man you don't have to be ten to look up to. Heartwarming stuff, largely because the film didn't flinch from showing the seaminess of his early manhood and the ugliness of prison life, all in an unsensational way. A bit soft on the clichés; but the emphasis was on LeFlore's own responsibility for his fate, and his consequent deserts.

Bad title though. One in a million? The Tigers themselves have had another ex-con, Gates Brown, who as a coach gave LeFlore help and guidance. That makes two out of a few dozen.

EQUALLY UNFLINCHING was an NBC film called, simply, *Battered*. It concerned, of course, wife-beating. Strong stuff, but a bit case-studyish, with a certain thinness in the motivation. Does a man suddenly start belting his wife around in the tenth year of their marriage because she hasn't got his good shirt ready? A *lawyer*? Maybe one in a million, to coin a phrase. But it must have been the most shocking TV violence since Jack Ruby. (He was live.)

A bit less uplifting than the Ron LeFlore story: the message seemed to be that women can stop being beaten, but men can't stop beating them. Is it constitutional to have a happy ending for only one sex?

IS IT JUST my imagination, or is Jane Pauley sounding more and more like Barbara Walters? And can it be that Tom Brokaw is looking more and more like Johnny Carson? □

THOUGHTS ASTRAY

TIETJENS AT ROME

MURRAY KEMPTON

I have been lately to Rome to look at a Pope in process and to learn again that not the smallest of the severally irresistible charms of these proceedings is the company of the Italian newspapers, which are always zestfully speculative, generally unafraid of offending, often inescapably incorrect, but never unenlightening, if not about the Church, at least about the Italians.

Journalism is, after all, risk. For it not to risk is for it to remind us again that, while some men are born bores, others can only achieve tiresomeness through a disciplined failure of nerve. Our own journalism's not infrequent failures of nerve are never so severe as when history embarrasses it with a religious subject. Since papal conclaves have a special grandeur even among the occasions of religion, our journalism leaps into paroxysms of tedium whenever it has to deal with them. The result is a protracted murmur of indifferent veneration governed by the dread of some implication that political considerations might be to any degree an element in the business of the College of Cardinals. And yet how much farther can we go in want of respect for a man than to treat him as though he is so lacking in conscientiously human concerns as not to care about politics at all?

IN FAIRNESS, gossip is now and then permitted to intrude upon this lugubrious feast, but only when a priest is commissioned to carry it in. For us, any active curiosity about sacred subjects is a profanity warrantable only by an *imprimatur*. To consider oneself an intelligent American is all too often to look at one's churches with the lukewarm benignity owed to institutions useful to public propriety. But to be an intelligent Italian is to be obsessed with the Church; and whether from love or hate makes little difference since both are engaged emotions and each makes its contribution to the powers of observation. Let a Pope die and be reborn in a new Pope, and every articulate Italian is set to thinking about the power of the Church over his present and to projecting its influence over his future.

What was most marked in the latest round of assessments was their judgment that the Church is losing its command over the Italian spirit; and what was most surprising was the regretful tone of that recognition from observers who a while ago would have thought any lessening of the Church's weight a most welcome tendency indeed.

The most suggestive of such reconsiderations came from Enzo Forcella, that best of radical Italian journalists. Forcella has never had much taste for the crudities of anti-clericalism; but his eye on the Vatican has nonetheless been

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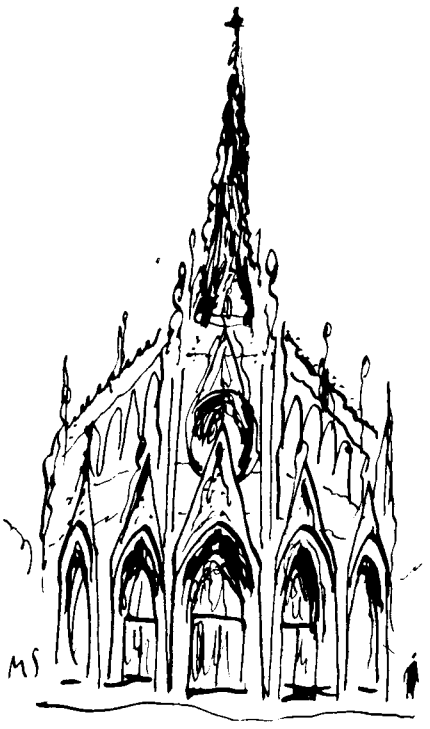
a consistently detached one; and in this case he was writing for *La Repubblica*, a lonely but steadfast chapel of the Garibaldian religion of that Italy of which Toscanini will somehow always be Pope.

Forcella cited the Church's recent defeats on the abortion law and the divorce referendum as evidence that Italy is at last becoming a secular society. What he would not say was that it is therefore becoming a better one. All that seemed to him to be happening is that the religion of the votary is being driven out by the religion of the consumer. What secular ideals could not conquer, secular self-indulgence has overthrown. The soul of man, no longer afflicted by the fear of hell, is cursed instead by the terror of inconvenience. The true test of the rationalist is his ability to mourn the displacement of an ancient and honorable superstition by what he recognizes as only a modern one—that there is no sin or error that cannot be erased by a quick divorce or a quicker operation.

But then we ought all to try and keep a portion of the interior that says with Tietjens that it has no politics that were not destroyed in the eighteenth century. If the newspaper strike has a redeeming feature, it has been to spare us the inevitable *New York Times* editorial discovering the duty of all respectable liberals to close ranks behind the Shah of Iran in his present time of trouble. Respectable liberalism always gives way to its most extreme failures of nerve when some object of its prior special disesteem shows signs of tottering and it feels pressed to ensure itself against blame for his fall.

Yeats said once that there was every excuse for Wilfred Owen but no excuse for anyone who liked him. However mistakenly applied in the particular case, this formula has always seemed to me a marvelously just and merciful one for most occasions of exhausted patience; and it can serve to express my feelings about the Shah of Iran, unimportant as they are. Still there are arguments for him. Unfortunately, respectable liberalism seems content with the poorest, which is that he is beset from both the Left and the Right and therefore, as Mr. Nixon used to say of himself in similar straits, must be doing something right. When a governor finds himself under assault from both the Left and the Right, he is more apt to be doing something profoundly wrong, at



the same time offending ancient traditions and cheating fresh hopes. Except when they surrender to their dreadful habit of carrying their ideas to their logical conclusions, the Left and Right share between them most of the social thought with a serious claim on the community's attention; and any government indifferent to the complaints of both at once is usually among the worst of governments. Just think of what eyes and minds we might have if only we could hold in balance the part of ourselves that is a Tory of the old School and the part that is a Whig of the old Cause. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FROM APES TO WARLORDS, *by Solly Zuckermann (Harper & Row, 447 pp., $20.95).* Clemenceau, cribbing from Talleyrand, once observed that war was too important to be left to the generals; his epigram has been understandably popular with politicians ever since. Nor is it surprising that Solly Zuckermann—the only working scientist apart from Lord Cherwell, Churchill's scientific advisor, who was admitted into the inner councils of the Second World War—should agree with this proposition. And yet the controversies described by Zuckermann in this fascinating memoir suggest that scientists are just as capable as generals and politicians of allowing their prejudices to dictate their attitude to evidence, scientific or otherwise. Zuckermann, though he subsequently became Science Advisor to Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower, was before the war a zoologist by training and a social butterfly by inclination. With the onset of war, both his life and the tone of this book change completely. Early in the war, he became involved in studying bombing operations through his work on the effects of bomb blasts on animals. In 1943, he was responsible for the planning and analysis of air operations which led to the capture of the island of Pantelleria in the Mediterranean and the breakdown of enemy communications in Sicily and in southern Italy. His success here led to his involvement in the formulation of bombing strategy at the time of the Normandy invasion. Zuckermann's strategy, as he readily acknowledges, seems quite obvious now. In modern societies, nothing is self-contained. Factories can be protected, but components have to be transferred. Movement is always the vulnerable area. Key railroad junctions, marshaling yards, and railroad stock were to be the targets. However, there were powerful forces opposed to this strategy. One of the most formidable was Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris ("Bomber" Harris), who continued until the end of the war to hold the belief that Bomber Command could defeat Germany by laying waste her cities through night attacks. The implacable Harris was supported by Churchill and by Lord Cherwell, who dismissed Zuckermann's plan as "the brainchild of a biologist who happened to be passing through the Mediterranean." The U.S. Air Force generals were equally skeptical: they favored attacks on ball-bearing factories and chemical and oil installations, rather than on the transportation system. Both factions tended to think of the Normandy invasion as just a sort of boating expedition. They thought that air power, alone and unaided, could end the war; the strategic air forces were, says Zuckermann, almost sovereign powers fighting personal wars. Nonetheless, and despite the approval of Eisenhower and Tedder—among the few military leaders whom Zuckermann found to have the courage to insist on policies their top staffs openly opposed—the emphasis on bombing the transportation system was relaxed. This undoubtedly lengthened the war; it cost billions of additional dollars and thousands of lives; and it even affected the political shape of postwar Europe. JOHN H. CHETTLE

COMMUNICATE: *Parkinson's Formula for Business Survival, by C. Northcote Parkinson and Nigel Rowe (Prentice Hall, 205 pp., $9.95).* Between Nadersquawk and Fedregs, business has been taking it in the ear. Gone are the low-profile days,

(Continues on page 1365)

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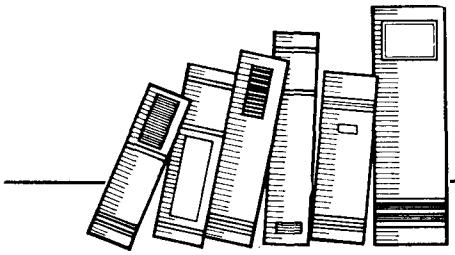

Dark Horses

ONE OF THE SMASH successes of recent popular fiction was Paul E. Erdman's *The Crash of '79*, originally published by Simon and Schuster and now available in paperback from Pocket Books ($2.50). The novel is a working-out of paranoid fantasies about the flooding of Western financial institutions with Arab petro-dollars; the collapse of our tottering banking system when the Arabs decide to withdraw their deposits; and a nuclear shoot-out —involving Iran and Saudi Arabia— for supremacy in the Persian Gulf and, inferentially, in the world.

What has made this yarn so interesting to so many people is the fact that it is woven from elements in contemporary life that are quite real, though veiled in mystery that lends itself to lurid fantasizing. The critical concentration of arms and oil in the Middle East is perfectly authentic. So is the influx of Arab oil money into American banks and other business institutions. And so is the vulnerability of our banking system to sudden massive shifts of wealth. Erdman simply put the ingredients together in racy prose.

Suggesting how much reality *is* involved in apprehensions of Arab and other foreign influence on our financial system is Kenneth C. Crowe's *America for Sale* (Doubleday, $10). Crowe, a former financial reporter for *Newsday*, has done a workmanlike job of tracking the number and magnitude of foreign investments in the United States. The Arabs, he discloses, do have enormous deposits in our banks, although the exact dimensions are a matter of debate. As of 1975, there was more than $16 billion in direct deposits in U.S. banks from Mideast OPEC nations, but this did not include additional billions in Swiss deposits that are presumably petro-dollars. Since these deposits become part of the base on which our system of money and credit is pyramided, their sudden concerted withdrawal could set off an economic chain reaction.

And it isn't, of course, just Arab oil money. As Crowe demonstrates, deposits and investments have flowed to the United States from Japan, West Germany, France, Great Britain, Canada, Italy, Australia, and other nations in ways not always possible to trace. This is not necessarily a bad thing. It is estimated that more than one million jobs were provided to U.S. workers by such investment in 1974. Foreign money is a source of additional capital for U.S. industry, and the fact that it is attracted to American shores is a tribute to the long-range viability of our economy. But to the degree that foreign governments may be buying into companies that are, e.g., defense contractors, there is an obvious problem here requiring official thought and action.

THAT THE AMERICAN and other Western banking systems are vulnerable to maneuvers of the type described by Erdman is a theme of *Can You Trust Your Bank?* by British financial journalists Robert Heller and Norris Willatt (Scribner's, $9.95). The authors supply a blow-by-blow account of how the British Crown Agents, the Franklin National, the United States National Bank, and London's "fringe banks" all took a nosedive in recent years, and how other institutions, including the most reputable, absorbed some grievous losses in real estate trusts, municipal loans, and other species of unsound practice.

At the root of the problem, as Heller and Willatt describe it, is the orgy of easy credit encouraged by the American and British governments, creating an enormous reservoir of dollars and pounds in the hands of financial institutions which must in turn lend out the money. The physical circumstance of an expanding money supply and the psychological fact of inflationary expectation combined to create a "go-go" banking era that looked for expansionist opportunities first and asked about the credit-worthiness of borrowers second. All of which supplies another reason among many for avoiding the evils of inflation and government manipulation of credit. —M. STANTON EVANS

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MARVIN STONE:

On Lobbyists.

Lobbies fill a true need when they serve as rallying flags for points of view that otherwise might not get a hearing. They achieve questionable results when a highly organized minority compels public servants to act against their better judgments. (Title supplied.)

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STROTHER

(Continued from page 1344)

term as president expires in 1981. Whether he will be able to serve it out, or will wish to do so, seems doubtful.

Somoza is aware that opposition to Soviet expansionism, now that it is proceeding at full bore, is less acceptable in the West than it was a few years ago when the Soviet Union and its satellites were weak and the United States strong. And he is being reminded that a president who thwarts a Communist take-over bid is automatically branded by the Left as a monster of depravity. Criticism, much of it justified, has whirled around his family and himself since his father first was elected president in 1937. He is in his mid-fifties, he is rich, and he recently suffered a severe heart attack. And undoubtedly he has noticed the fate of rulers who stood in the way of Russian "liberation" in Ethiopia and Afghanistan, to cite two recent examples.

The easy solution for Somoza, as it was for Batista in Cuba twenty years ago, would be to pack up and leave. A relatively mild authoritarian state friendly to the United States would be replaced by a ferocious one hostile to the United States and dedicated to the proposition that the Soviet Union can do no wrong. A new and dangerous link would thereby be forged in the Communist net around the Caribbean.

Although the government of the United States seemed unable to come up with a coherent policy during the savage fighting in Nicaragua, we can, with some effort, hope that our policy planners are thinking of alternatives in case Somoza should be assassinated or voluntarily throw in the towel. As matters stand, the only sure winners in either event would be Castro and international Communism. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1362)

those happy days before profits became "unconscionable." The visible anti-business hand now aims for the groin. Spirited defense or forceful rejoinder fast becomes a sharp necessity as business foes escalate the movement to dismantle capitalism and scuttle what remains of a free market. To survive, this casebook counsels, businessmen around the world must pull together; they must responsibly and forthrightly defend the practices and explain the processes by which so many have been delivered so much for so little. The focus is largely European (Rowe is a PR man working in Europe), and it should interest anyone doing business there, especially multi-nationals. The authors' analysis of European enterprise, its critics and "communications" problems (and state encroachment), could be a foretaste of what America can expect. Parkinson and Rowe are quick to nail the U.S. problem that consists in government regulation and consumer protest which erode public confidence in business generally. This in turn breeds more regulation and lack of confidence. How to break this vicious circle is illustrated in excellent case studies—Gulf Oil's simulated "crisis" seminars, Mobil's keen advocacy campaigns in print and electronic media, ITT's campaign to combat its critics. The authors are far from advocating PR-omania. "Most people want to talk but few of them have anything to say," they write, saying that many of management's pronouncements are "merely the bureaucratic equivalent of breaking wind." A welcome addition to the survival kit.

S. K. OBERBECK

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE, *by Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy (Viking, 480 pp., $17.95).* Subtitled *The Phenomenon of the English Public School*, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's huge study of that country's private schools is quite brilliant. It is all there—the history, the horrors, and the deep love such schools inspired in their old lags (see Sir Lawrence Jones's golden memoirs). Originally clerical in intention, these foundations grew into training camps for the administrative class of the new colonies, and the army. The caste systems, as photos in this book show, became more baroque than any in India. The canings were unbelievable—it was years before I could hear the code words "I'll see you later" without a shudder—but always carried out with a positively aesthetic ceremony (as seen in the film *If*, based on Tunbridge). Mr. Gathorne-Hardy covers everything (perhaps too much), except the appalling food we had, which no American child would have stomached. He concludes with a survey of English girls' schools on the boys' model, but does them far less justice. The Headmistress of Cheltenham Ladies College (alumnae including Iris Murdoch and Indira Gandhi) paraded her entire school before her to examine whether each girl was wearing the regulation knicker under her tunic—not in 1859 but 1959. GEOFFREY WAGNER

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SALT-Selling

On The Right

New York, Oct. 4—The other day, batting around the subject of SALT II with Senator George McGovern, I flushed out what emerges, I take it, as the major paradox of the SALT-Sellers—as Paul Nitze, defense specialist and former arms negotiator and Secretary of the Navy, refers to them. It is this: On the one hand, the SALT people give us, again and again, the argument of redundancy ("We have enough nuclear weapons right now to kill everybody in the world twenty times over"—is the standard version). On the other hand, they tell us that if we don't sign a SALT agreement, the Soviet Union will proceed in the next three years—I cite Senator McGovern's figures—to construct another seven hundred missiles.

The question is, why? Why would they build more weapons, having more than enough already? An examination of exactly that question is the beginning of wisdom in the consideration of the horribly complicated business of arms control.

The planted axiom is: the fewer bombs, the less danger.

But that axiom, persuasive in the abstract, is not very useful in the current picture. If one could eliminate all weaponry with the exception, let us say, of bows and arrows, the scale of potential death in a world war would be greatly reduced. Although even then—a point not to be thrown away in disgust—it could easily happen that there would be a global stockpile of arrows sufficient to kill everyone in the world twenty times over.

CONSIDER the converse proposition. Is it conceivable that to have more atom bombs is to have greater, rather than less security? Not only greater national security, but greater security against the prospect of having to fight a war in order to maintain that security?

It is precisely this point that such as Paul Nitze are in effect maintaining. Now, to have more missiles does not necessarily mean to have more than the existing firepower. Consider: if you have one one-megaton bomb, you have the firepower of one thousand one-kiloton bombs. If (to argue *ad absurdum*) a country decides to arm itself with a single one-megaton bomb, you have—as they say—put all your eggs in a single basket. An aggressor would need only to take out that one bomb and you would be defenseless. If, on the other hand, you opted for one thousand one-kiloton bombs, you would still have a bomb strong enough to eviscerate large cities, but it would require one thousand direct hits to put you out of action.

It is the perception of those who oppose the direction in which we are headed under SALT II that we will be effectively prevented, by a protocol which will take us into 1981 and which would instantly be the basis of any SALT III negotiations (the Russians would insist on the continuation of the protocol), from taking advantage of that proliferation of weapons that would *discourage* the Soviet Union from its current relentless pursuit of a counterforce capability. Even if we did not increase the number of weapons we now have, we would achieve substantially the same deterrence by the simple expedient of (brace yourself) "MAPS-ALPSing" them. The acronym is jargon for increasing the potential number of aiming points. The equivalent is that of entering, pistol in hand and with intent to kill, a totally dark room, and hearing the voice: "Drop that gun, I've got you covered!"—and not knowing where that voice is coming from, in what direction to fire your pistol. If we multiply by even five or ten times the number of silos, and if we keep moving our Minutemen from one silo to another, by random schedule, the Soviet Union cannot know which silos they would need to take out in order to take out our principal deterrent force. They would need to target *all* the silos, and the prospect of their doing that is slight, because although the Soviet Union's resources are great, they are not infinite.

We have not seen the final shape of the SALT treaty, but President Carter, flushed by the temporary success of Camp David, is in a let's-get-on-with-it mood, and it is vital to stimulate the public understanding of what to look for, and what is at stake. □

SALT-SELLING (II)

New York, Oct. 6—The SALT-Sellers use a variety of arguments to promote SALT II, but, in the end, there is only—one.

They will tell you that it is madness to go on building an arms inventory—without telling you that if that is the case, then it is also madness to maintain the existing inventory. They will tell you that it is disastrously expensive to maintain our defense budget, let alone expand it—without bringing up, let alone stressing, that the Soviet Union, whose entire stock of consumer goods couldn't fill one branch store of Woolworth's, is spending two to three times as much money on arms and research as we are. Indeed, it has been years since we have heard reiterated the proposition that no price is too high to pay in order to secure the liberty of our people.

They will tell you that it is useless to pursue the arms race. To do so, in the words of Senator McGovern, is "feeble-minded." This maneuver is variously used, inevitably to our disadvantage. Walter Hahn, the editor-in-chief of the journal *Strategic Review*, puts it nicely. "What is old and perceived as vulnerable is phased out" (e.g., conventional carriers, battleships). "What is new and promising is offered at the altar of arms control" (e.g., the neutron bomb). "What is not accepted at the altar is rejected on cost-effectiveness grounds" (the B-1). "The Soviets [the disarmament types will maintain] in any event will appreciate and eventually reciprocate our restraint." Yeah. When?

Or they will tell you: "Look, we have had other agreements with the Soviet Union, do we regret them?" Recently a list of such agreements was publicly recited. They included the Antarctic treaty, the suspension of nuclear tests, and of course SALT I. The obvious comment is that the Soviet Union respects any treaty or understanding it is in its interest to respect. They have nothing to gain from violating the Antarctic treaty (at this point). They signed the nuclear test ban treaty only when they were good and ready, having first tested the most gigantic hydrogen bombs ever built. Previously, they had unilaterally broken an under-

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standing that tests would be suspended. On SALT I, they cheated on five different occasions, as revealed in detail by Melvin Laird in the *Reader's Digest*. Along the way, they broke the treaty of 1962 in Laos, which led to the Vietnam War. And they violated their guarantee to stand by the terms of the 1973 ceasefire in Vietnam: which resulted in the collapse of Indochina.

The Soviet Union very much wants a SALT II treaty because they believe they will get from us what they want us not to have. To begin with, a cruise missile fully operational with strategic reach. Along the way, they have produced a political atmosphere which now makes the B-1 and the neutron bomb inconceivable. And they propose to freeze us in indecision in respect of the MX or MAPS-ALPS, as the system is variously described, which would constantly relocate our Minuteman missiles.

What's in it for us? Why is it so important to reduce to 2,250 the total number of Soviet missiles, when by 1983 these missiles will have a throwweight eight to twelve times the size of ours? What have we proved?

Colin Gray of the Hudson Institute tells us something so homely, the wonder of it is that it should surprise us so. "It should never be forgotten," he writes, "that American strategic forces are about the business of posing not-incredible negative sanctions in Soviet minds and, if need be, of imposing such sanctions in action." As things stand, says Gray, "an unacceptable level of threat to our ICBMs could mature as early as 1982, or 1983."

But the ace-in-the-hole of the SALT-Sellers is, when you come down to it, the gruesomeness of death. That is the audience-mover. Never mind that violent death was always gruesome. The disarmament crowd wake up in the morning with an atomic cinder in their mouths. And all their analysis is merely derivative. "Our ultimate goal," says our Commander-in-Chief, "is the elimination of all nuclear weapons from this earth." But you see, that isn't our ultimate goal. Our ultimate goal is to keep Gulag a half-world removed from America. □

PUERTO RICO'S CHOICES

San Juan, Puerto Rico, Sept. 22—On New Year's Eve, his last in the White House, President Ford announced that the time had come to confer statehood upon Puerto Rico. This gesture was done in the grand manner of days of old, when moribund Presidents would nominate everyone in sight to a judgeship, and indeed the gesture was largely dismissed as political, the presumed motivation being to identify the statehood movement with the Republican Party against the day when two senators and seven congressmen set sail from San Juan for D.C. But even if the issue was passed over by Congress (President Ford's bill quietly expired), it lit a torch in Puerto Rico which is being carried by the Governor, Carlos Romero Barceló, who was elected the same day that Ford was defeated.

Governor Romero, who went to Exeter and to Yale, is warm, but businesslike, and cool in his political movements; and he has a nice line. It is as follows: "I am first a Puerto Rican, then an American, but I do not mean to suggest that I am less American for saying it, or less Puerto Rican." Out of all that one decocts the following: that the culture of Puerto Rico can easily endure union with the United States—that is, a more formal union than what already exists—and still remain intact. In 1917, Congress conferred citizenship on all Puerto Ricans, who have the same rights Virginians and Californians have with the exception that they cannot vote in federal elections or send their own representatives to Congress.

Well—the visitor asked the Governor—just what is it that constitutes the Puerto Rican "culture"? What is it that is distinctive, beyond the obvious fact that here they speak Spanish, and back home we speak English? No Hispanic Rotarian could have given a better answer. Well, said the Governor, Puerto Ricans love their children, respect their elders, maintain close family ties, respect women, have their own music and dance, are by nature forgiving and compassionate, are especially industrious, and have a sense of humor. Oh, said the visitor; are there any disagreeable strains in Puerto Rican culture? Well yes, the Governor smiled, "but these I won't discuss." That invites speculation, but not in public; and it is unlikely, when the great debate comes, that Congress will talk about whatever it is, if anything, that can be thought invidious. One recalls the classic remark of the manager of Sonny Liston. "Sonny Liston has a lot of good points. It's his bad points that aren't so good."

Any discussion about bringing in Puerto Rico as a state is inevitably going to linger over the economic question. The bare statistics are these: Puerto Rico is twice as wealthy per capita as the next wealthiest nation in the hemisphere, after Canada and the U.S. But it is one-half as wealthy per capita as the poorest American state, Mississippi. Moreover, if you were to subtract from the $2,500 per capita Puerto Rican annual income the money that flows in from the United States (the largest single item is food stamps—about $700 million worth), that figure would fall by about one-third. Almost 20 per cent of Puerto Ricans are unemployed. Although the agronomists will tell you that there is land enough in Puerto Rico notwithstanding the density of the population (greater than India's) to feed five times its population of three million people, they actually import 80 per cent of what they eat (I ate rice there imported from California). There is an intense antipathy to farming as a profession—a hangover, says the Governor, from the stigmatization of agricultural pursuits by Muñoz Marín, who is Puerto Rico's father-figure, and who had a passion for industrialization.

Meanwhile, the severe depression of 1973-76 brought home to Puerto Rico that Operation Bootstrap (no corporation taxes for twenty years) was running out of steam, and that U.S. companies considering Puerto Rico were running up against the minimum wage laws and were therefore either going somewhere else (e.g., the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica, Taiwan), or else restricting their operations in Puerto Rico to capital-intensive enterprises. On top of it all, a reverse population flow set in, and U.S.-resident Puerto Ricans began to return to the island (180,000 in two years), where they could at least get plenty of free food. And illegals came in from all over the place; some of them were en route to the United States, posing as Puerto Ricans.

The showdown is temporarily scheduled for 1981. In 1980, Governor Romero will run for re-election pledging that if he wins, he will schedule a plebiscite on statehood for 1981. There are conflicting figures, and it has been almost ten years since the last vote. An impression is that, at this moment, the division between those who want statehood and those who want commonwealth is about equal, with those who want independence at about 10 per cent. Governor Romero believes he can convince Puerto Ricans that as a matter of dignity they must settle for nothing less than statehood; and that as a matter of economics, a pro forma balance sheet would show that even though they would need to pay U.S. taxes, there would be a net economic improvement, with more federal funds coming in. President Carter's stated position is: Anything the Puerto Ricans want—independence, commonwealth, or statehood—is okay by him. Which sentiments are mine also. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Searching for boogeymen

18 44 121 135 141 152 184 216 68 102
175 67

B. Many visit this place located in three different states

26 10 28 36 47 61 128 88 106 120
139 157 162 169 177 188 206 73 96
145 79 103 85

C. A character in *Richard II*

66 170 6 98 41 71 116 192 205 132
149 29 95 171

D. Process by which those without power bring down those with power

156 30 84 90 119 123 130 160 164 208
17 19 75 97 134 143

E. A passionate emotion

187 53 142 59 209 159 110 196 201 38

F. Television program which shows how bigoted conservatives are

1 46 56 83 80 40 50 146 48 94
126 122 138 39

G. A mittenlike glove worn with a mail hauberk

13 23 182 204 190 57 34

H. A secret dungeon with the only opening at the top

22 35 183 3 136 109 140 200 172

I. The state of which Lucknow is the capital

5 16 32 58 70 52 82 87 24 37
77 93

J. A trio of movie entertainers (after *The*)

49 100 115 105 113 179 185 4 69 211
14 186

K. A novel by Arnold Bennett (after *The*)

54 2 191 43 65 9 60 210 220 111
125 167

L. A news story supplementing an earlier one

173 8 25 63 212 166 189 137

M. Alternative name for a river in South America named for one of our presidents

178 214 127 199 153 11 158

N. A town in Yucatan

89 165 197 78 154 12

O. Running away to get hitched

42 21 33 55 62 72 7

P. An official of the Roman Catholic Church who argues against canonization

168 51 112 118 108 151 114 176 213 20
27 124 92 150

Q. An instrument used by an ophthalmologist

193 81 174 202 91 195 131 148 180 215

R. Pertaining to first principles

198 45 203 217 161 15 99 144 64

S. Disorderly, headlong haste

104 218 74 155 31 101 163 181

T. SO FIND PORT

117 107 76 147 219 207 86 133 194 129

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1364 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 F	2 K	3 H		4 J	5 I	6 C		7 O	8 L	9 K	10 B	11 M	12 N	13 G
14 J	15 R	16 I	17 D		18 A	19 D	20 P		21 O	22 H	23 G	24 I	25 L	26 B		27 P	28 B	29 C	30 D
31 S		32 I	33 O		34 G	35 H	36 B	37 I		38 E	39 F		40 F	41 C	42 O		43 K	44 A	45 R
46 F		47 B	48 F		49 J	50 F	51 P		52 I	53 E	54 K	55 O	56 P	57 G		58 I	59 E	60 K	
61 B	62 O	63 L	64 R	65 K	66 C	67 A		68 A	69 J		70 I	71 C	72 O		73 B	74 S	75 D	76 T	77 I
78 N		79 B	80 F	81 Q		82 I	83 F	84 D	85 B		86 T	87 I	88 B	89 N	90 D	91 Q		92 P	93 I
94 F	95 C		96 B	97 D	98 C		99 R	100J	101S	102A	103B		104S	105J	106B	107T	108P	109H	
110E	111K	112P	113J		114P	115J	116C	117T		118P	119D	120B	121A		122F	123D		124P	125K
126F	127M	128B	129T		130D		131Q	132C	133T	134D	135A	136H	137L	138F	139B		140H	141A	142E
143D		144R		145B	146F	147T	148Q	149C	150P		151P	152A	153M	154N	155S	156D		157B	158M
159E		160D	161R		162B	163S	164D	165N	166L	167K	168P		169B	170C		171C	172H	173L	174Q
175A	176P		177B	178M	179J	180Q	181S	182G		183H	184A	185J		186J	187E	188B	189L	190G	191K
	192C	193Q		194T	195Q	196E	197N	198R	199M		200H	201E		202Q	203R	204G	205C	206B	207T
	208D	209E	210K		211J	212L	213P	214M	215Q	216A	217R	218S	219T	220K					

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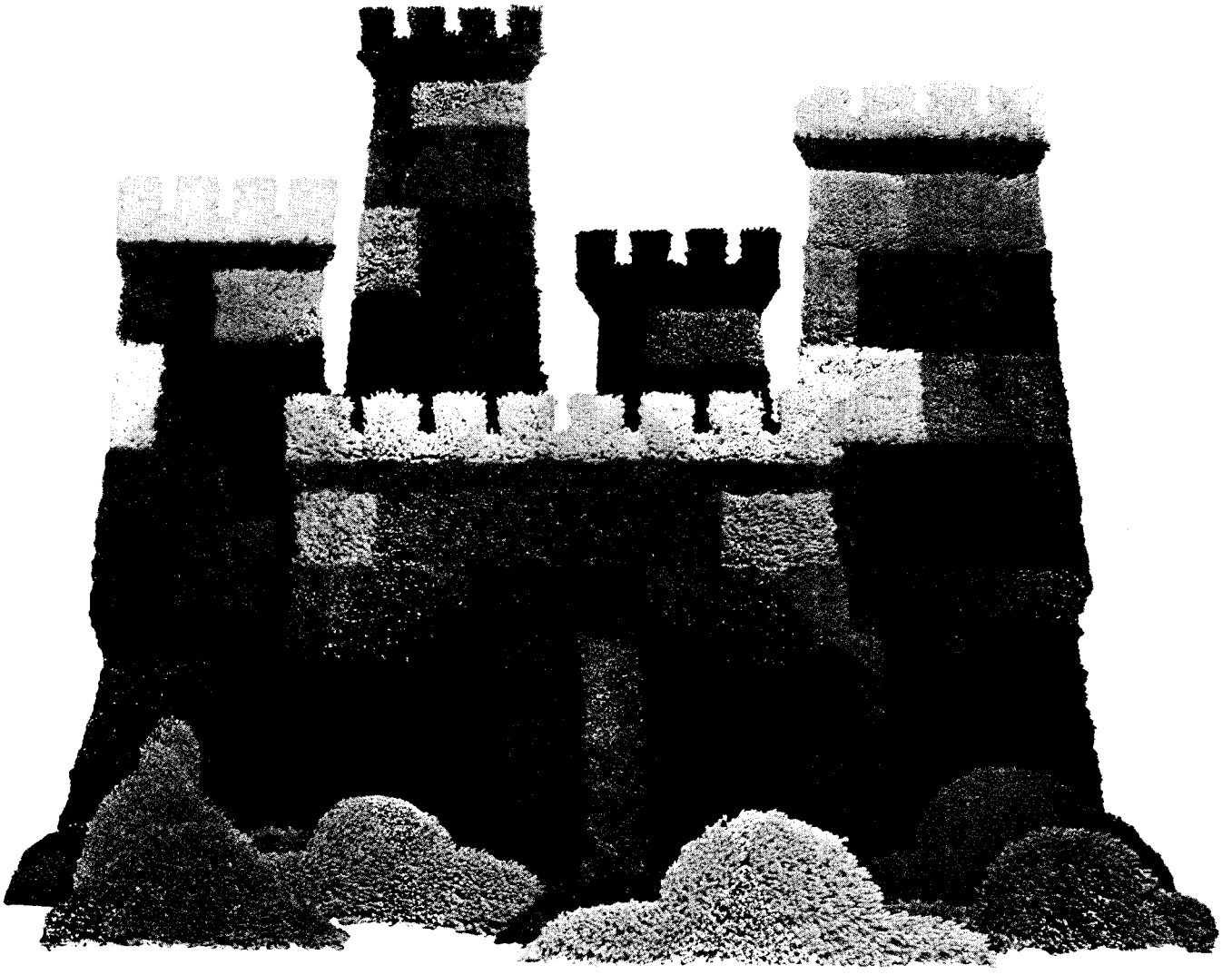

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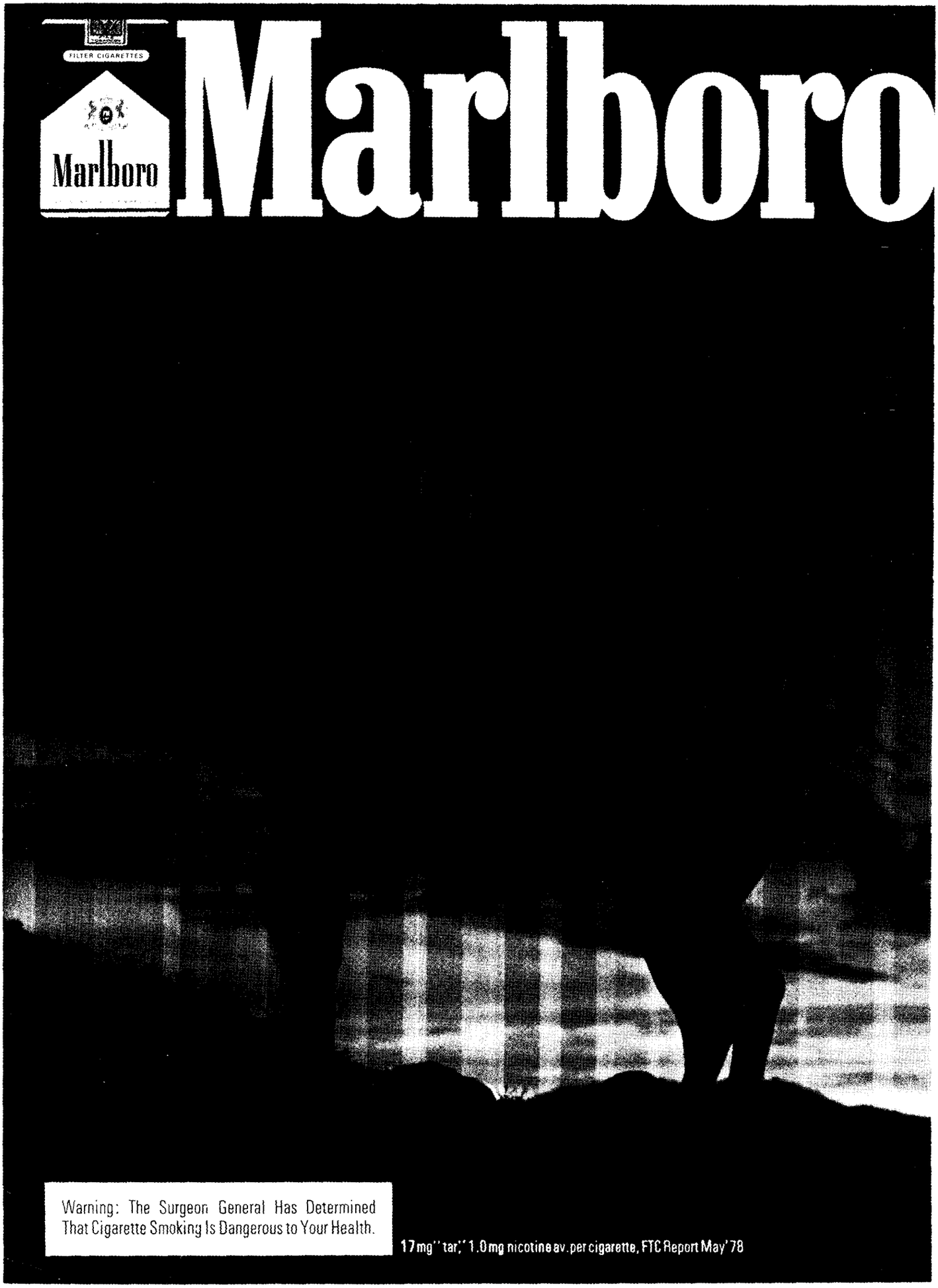
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